

FIFTY CENTS

MAY 24, 1971

The Graduate, 1971

TIME

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VICEROY
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King Size, 17 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine; Long Size, 19 mg. "tar," 1.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette. FTC Report Nov. 70.

Good news about bumpers.



All 1973 model cars will have better bumpers, to comply with a new Federal standard.

Allstate will cut collision insurance rates 10% on cars that meet this new standard.

The U.S. Department of Transportation recently issued a standard that requires all 1973 cars to have bumpers that can take a five mile an hour front-end crash and 2½ mile an hour rear-end crash into a test barrier without damage to safety systems. Safety systems include such items as lights, cooling systems, hood latches, fuel lines. This is a fine step forward. To recognize this progress—and help hold down the cost of auto insurance—Allstate initially will give a 10% discount on collision insurance on cars that meet the new standard.

But, even better bumpers are needed. So here's what we continue to offer: Allstate will cut collision insurance rates 20% for any car the manufacturer certifies, through independent tests, can take a five mile an hour crash into a test barrier, *front and rear*, without any damage. For some time we have made this offer, and we will continue to make it . . . for we will continue to be concerned about the big cost of little bumps.

Let's make driving
a good thing again.

Allstate

In a few states where rates are standard, discounts cannot apply.



5 mph front end
damage \$331

Insurance Institute for Highway Safety conducted tests on 1971 U.S. standard sedans. Front end crashes at 5 miles an hour averaged \$331.



5 mph rear end
damage \$329

Same tests revealed average damage in 5 mph rear end crashes was almost the same—\$329. (IIHS photos.)

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Boat loads of flashy 240-Z GT's; roomy, comfortable 510 Sedans and Wagons; thousands of Li'l Hustler Pickups. And now—the all-new Li'l Something and Something Special 1200 Sedans and Coupes. All ready for permanent shore leave.

The Datsun Marus keep coming (two more will be launched next spring). They're cargoes for nearly 1000 Datsun dealers in the U.S. It's the surest way we know to deliver the exact model, color and equipment you want.

While you were reading this, we just went back for more.

Drive a Datsun...then decide.



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Convertible Term is a spring semester in Europe. Right?



Our definition will never get passing marks. But we're being misleading to make a point.

The point being that too many people know too little about life insurance. Which can cause a family to have too little life insurance, or not enough of the right kind.

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LETTERS

The Antiwar Veterans

Sir: Operation Dewey Canyon III in Washington [May 3] was an excellent illustration of our disgusting situation in Southeast Asia. The actors are veterans. Who should be listened to more attentively? The phrase "They're cowards—they're afraid to go" cannot be utilized here. They have gone. Who could turn his back on a blinded or limbless soldier whose purpose is not evasion of the draft but instruction on the horrifying results of the draft?

JOHN G. POSA
St. Clair Shores, Mich.

Sir: This little old lady in dirty white sneakers did not find John Kerry's rhetoric to be either exaggerated or irrational. It's the only sensible speech I've heard in 39 years.

HELEN P. SIMMONS
Clinton, Md.

Sir: I find it damn discouraging to believe that the young ex-Navy lieutenant crying his heartfelt convictions out before a congressional ad hoc committee represents the majority feeling of America's youth. His fervent belief to be the "first to defend this nation should its shores be threatened" represents archaic thinking in a technological world.

Viet Nam, for all its rancor, is far from the "height of criminal hypocrisy"; it is a commitment to help a small country, and it is a commitment to stop Communist domination by force before this nation becomes strategically outflanked.

ROBERT W. FROST
Major, U.S.A.
Fort Knox, Ky.

Sir: Which is more irrational: the desperate attempt of a veteran to express the frustration, horror and futility of what he has witnessed and participated in, or the policy that demands yet more American and Vietnamese blood to wash away the admitted mistake for which so much blood and tears have already been shed?

JAMES P. COONEY JR.
Oswego, N.Y.

Sir: These Viet Nam veterans have surely triggered great rejoicing in Hanoi; they have compromised the men still in Viet Nam (whom they profess to love); they are the biggest bunch of crybabies ever to wear the uniform and a disgrace to the same.

WILSON F. EDINGER
Medford, Ore.

Follies Flap

Sir: *Follies*, a mediocre musical, tried and tested by formula and dipped in commercialized nostalgia, appears on Broadway, and you hail it as a breakthrough composition [May 3]. I am intellectually affronted by this kind of premature journalism, which offers categorical answers to questions not even raised.

MICHAEL TOSCANO
San Francisco

Sir: I hereby nominate Alexis Smith for this year's George Blanda Award.

MARGARET FRANKLIN TROFFEY
Kings Beach, Calif.

Sir: This melange of skimmed milk is a thorough bore throughout, and the only part I really enjoyed was when I had a short

nap. There is no fault to be found with the cast, but the play itself, the plot, the dreary scenery, the monotonous songs and the timely imitation of Ziegfeld's gorgeous costumes are not to be believed.

SIMON OTTINGER
New York City

Sir: Stefan Kanfer's moving story on *Follies* evoked images of a shattered dream pieced together again for two brief hours. Here we are seeing the dreams die.

GREGG DAVIS
Hollywood

Sir: It's good to see that the pinup girls of our youth are as pinupable as ever.

Lyrical Stephen Sondheim says clever rhyming is easy. Would he rhyme "silver" for us?

FRANK CURRAN
Galway, Ireland

► Sondheim would, and did:
*To find a rhyme far silver
Or any "rhymeless" rhyme
Requires only will, ver-
bosity and time.*

Sir: Your features on nostalgia and Broadway's looking back bring to mind the familiar phenomena of the recall and the anticipation always exceeding the actual event. The grass is always greener some other place, some other time.

JOAN MARY MACEY
Binghamton, N.Y.

Sir: If you were really nostalgic, you would remember that until Dec. 7, 1941, the Green Hornet's faithful Filipino valet Kato was the Green Hornet's faithful Japanese valet Kato.

THADDEUS HOLT
New York City

Sir: Rita Hayworth was no great innovator in 1944 with her alluring shorts. In the late '30s, Yonkers, N.Y., had an ordinance that banned these garments for street wear. A parody of the day went something like this: "She went out shopping in short khaki pants, the kind that in Yonkers is a criminal offense."

JOHN ELMER ANDERSON
Prescott, Ariz.

Continuing Tradition

Sir: Why the surprise that Vermont has become the first state to grant 18-year-olds full majority [May 3]? It was also the first state to grant universal manhood suffrage (1777). In 1971 Vermont is not only granting voting rights to 18-year-olds but holding them accountable as well. This seems to be in keeping with its tradition rather than a departure.

ESTHER H.M. POWER
Cincinnati

United Parents

Sir: Your report [April 5] on the Dalton School was most unfair. Instead of heaping snide ridicule on the school and Mr. Donald Barr, its headmaster, you should have reported that a group of trustees, in utter disregard of the wishes of the overwhelming majority of the parents, has attempted to oust Mr. Barr. The P.T.A. removed Dr. Myron Hofer, the only representative of the parents on the board of trustees, from his P.T.A. offices because he failed to in-

form the parents fairly and openly of his and the board's actions. The parents will continue to do all that is possible to prevent Mr. Barr's ouster. For although they are of diverse walks of life and of diverse outlooks, they are firmly united in support of Mr. Barr.

MR. AND MRS. HENRY EPSTEIN
MR. AND MRS. DAVID E. EVINS
MR. AND MRS. JOHN H. FREUND
MR. AND MRS. EDWARD MELKONIAN
MR. AND MRS. HANS SMIT
New York City

Don't Forget Pang

Sir: If you are going to invoke Puccini in "Ping Pong and Reality" [April 26], you might point out that between Ping and Pong, the maestro had another character, Pang. The three were always together. I don't think you can present Ping and Pong without a Pang. And we'd better all watch out for the Pangs.

It is good to see the ball begin to bounce, but we must keep an eye on it.

ROBERT CRAWLEY
New York City

Sir: It seems to me that our youth and immaturity as a nation are only too apparent in the excessive and unrealistic displays of optimism generated by the penetration into Red China of the U.S. table tennis team. Let's not be carried away by our collective imagination. It's all right to build castles in the sky as long as we don't start living in them.

DOROTHY GOC
Denver

Sir: I can't help comparing Chinese as you describe them ("well fed . . . organized . . . generally healthy . . . uni-

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versal loose-fitting clothing . . . drab . . . abolition of family life (with the wife) with a small group I was privileged to observe here in the U.S. This description could fit any group of penitentiary inmates.

ERNEST J. LAWINGER
Fox Point, Wis.

Bus On

Sir: I am young, 28 years old, a Southerner, East Texan, a woman, white—and I vote with the nine old men on the Supreme Court [May 3]. Bus on!

LINDA DRISKETT BUTLER
Dickinson, Texas

Sir: While I do not agree with Martha Mitchell's wish to extinguish the Supreme Court, she is right to this extent: the court is not representative of the nation. And they are nine old men!

Maybe we do need Martha.
DON GARDNER
Darby, Pa.

Sir: I would be happier with the Supreme Court's decision on busing if it were based on sound educational rather than ideological grounds. The purpose of busing is supposedly not to achieve integration per se but to benefit the children. An enormous amount of money and resources has been spent busing children since 1954.

If, as seems to be the case, there is insufficient information on the effects of busing, Congress should at once provide funds to gather the needed data before millions of dollars are wasted busing children back and forth with no benefit.

E.D. BUEGENDOLL
La Jolla, Calif.

Getting Cloned

Sir:

*I thought I knew a lot of things:
of enzymes and mutation,
Of cells, the nuclei, RH—electrodes and
gestation.
But now there's double helix, DNA
and ribosomes.
With biological synthesis—and not just
one's chromosomes.
Instead of simple worries, such as
merely being stoned,
I've got to face a future now in which
I may get cloned,
Alas Homo futurus!
There's lots more to learn, it seems.
I thought one told the boys from girls
by lowering their voices.*

CHARLES D. PERRY
University, Ala.

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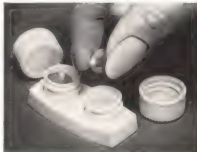


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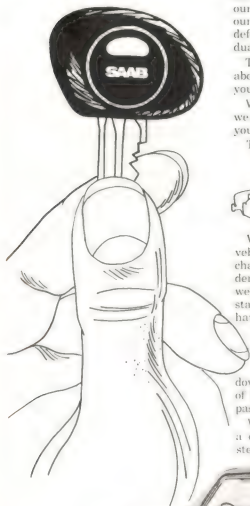
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The only time you might think about our padded key is when you knock your knee on it.

When we built the SAAB 99 we thought about a lot of things you may not have thought about.

That's why now, you need us.



We know that with 105 million vehicles on the road today, the chances of getting into an accident are greater than ever. So we've constructed the 99 to stand up to those accidents. We have roll cage construction. Roll cage construction means that steel beams are surrounding you. In the windshield pillars, the roof, the side windows, running the whole length of the car, to give you and your passengers more security.

We know that today you need a car that you can handle, instead of one that handles you.



That's why we have front wheel drive. We put the power plant of the 99 up

front with the driving wheels and that weight gives you better traction on wet roads. Under any conditions, the power of front wheel drive pulls you around curves that other cars get pushed into.



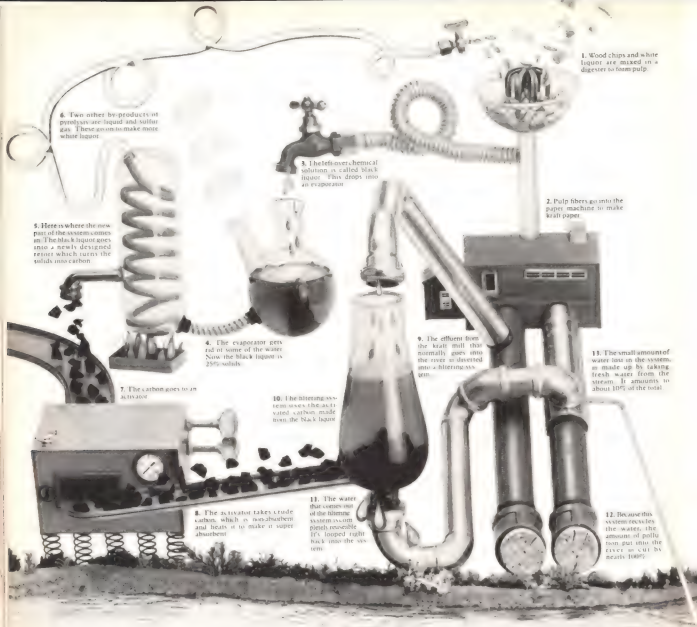
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And the well-built Swede is available with fuel injection, automatic transmission, and in either a two or four door model.

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SAAB
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So it's an ecologist's dream. A closed loop system.

But it's more than a dream to us. After four years of experi-

mentation, we're building a pilot plant in Pensacola, Florida.

Although this system may someday apply to every kind of papermaking, it was designed primarily for kraft mills. And, frankly, our concern is based on the fact that we're one of the biggest producers of kraft in America.

In one form or another, kraft paper is a major part of our business. We make millions of shipping bags with it. And corrugated containers. And supermarket checkout bags.

So, people might say we have a lot to answer for in the area of pollution. Even though we've got plans for modifying each of our paper mills with the best conventional pollution control equipment right now.

And we say: Wait until you see our answer. We think you'll like it.

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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE
May 24, 1971 Vol. 97, No. 21

THE NATION

AMERICAN NOTES

Praising the Police

Attorney General John Mitchell claimed that his speech last week to the California Peace Officers' Association amounted to a plea for restraint by lawmen in their confrontations with political dissenters, and to be sure much of the speech was exactly that. But what Mitchell had to say in San Francisco contained a couple of unhappy postscripts to the mass arrests during Washington's Mayday protest. More than 12,000 people were rounded up, often indiscriminately, herded into makeshift compounds and held as long as 36 hours with neither arraignment nor the chance to raise bail. To clear the Washington streets, Police Chief Jerry Wilson had his men abandon their own established arrest procedures.

"Nothing else could have been done unless the police were to let the mob rule our capital," Mitchell proclaimed. Possibly true, but he seemed to make a triumph of what was at best an unfortunate bending of the law to meet necessity. He upheld it as a model to be followed in similar situations by other cities, and he also likened the Mayday protesters to Hitler's Brown Shirts. However troublesome Rennie Davis' legions were, for Mitchell to damn them as Nazis was hardly more precise than for them to label him, as they habitually do, a fascist pig.

Berkeley Democracy

The three radicals who were elected to the Berkeley City Council last month began their new careers in the System by declining to stand and recite the Pledge of Allegiance to the flag. Last week, at their second meeting, the radicals, supported by newly elected Berkeley Mayor Warren Widener and one of the council's more moderate members, went a step farther. To forestall additional argument about the phrase "liberty and justice for all," the council abolished the pledge altogether from future sessions.

Next, the radicals proposed not only that the city of Berkeley sign a peace treaty with North and South Viet Nam but also that the city dispatch a delegation to the Paris peace talks. The other members, their imaginations dislocated by the thought of a Sovereign State of Berkeley embarked upon international diplomacy, declared that peace treaties were outside the city's jurisdiction, and the proposal was defeated.

The form of the proposal may have

been preposterous, but in fact a more democratic perspective might be restored if government at the lowest levels throughout the U.S.—city and county councils, for example—would entertain similar proposals, taking votes on exactly what they wanted done about the war. It is strange that the basic units of democracy, habitually thinking small, worry only about sewers and sidewalks instead of occasionally debating the fate of their sons.

The Grass in Cass

In what seems now an oddly innocent time, the Federal Government encouraged the farmers of Cass County, Mich., to cultivate marijuana. It was known then as hemp, and thought to be useful mainly for the World War II production of rope. The farmers of Cass County and some other parts of the U.S. sowed the weed in home-front zeal.

When the U.S. discovered nylon rope, the farmers plowed under their cannabis, but the wild weed does not die easily. Each spring new plants appeared, and winds and birds carried the seed throughout Cass County. With the coming of the pot culture, the young developed an unexpected passion for farming, sneaking into Cass County's fallow fields by night to harvest the wild grass.

Now the Bureau of Narcotics has allocated \$87,000 to induce the locals in Cass and ten other Midwestern counties to destroy their grass. Some of the agrarians worry that they might be sacrificing a golden goose. What, they ask, would happen if they killed off their marijuana—and found some day that it was legalized?

The Price of First-Class

Beginning this week, a letter sent by first-class mail in the U.S. will cost 8¢, a one-third increase over the previous rate, and more than double the old 3¢ standard familiar to more than a generation of Americans. Air mail will go from 10¢ to 11¢, and the rate for what was once the penny postcard will rise from 5¢ to 6¢. The higher costs are meant to restore some measure of solvency to the U.S. Post Office, which in July will complete its conversion from a Cabinet department to a Government corporation.

The private letter writer may take some small consolation, however, in considering the postal rates of 1792, when it cost an uninflated 22¢ to have a coachman carry a one-page folded message a



ROGERS TESTIFYING



PRESIDENT NIXON WITH MANSFIELD

distance of 450 miles. The once flourishing tradition of personal correspondence has faded in the U.S. For years, Americans have tended to favor the more direct communion of telephone wires. Given the condition of telephone service in some parts of the country, however, it may be safe to predict a small renaissance of letter writing in America, even at the higher prices. Of course, if the postal service does not improve either, there might be an instauration of drums, flashing mirrors in code, smoke signals, yodeling and great howls across the countryside.

The New Attack on Presidential Power

THE congressional challenge to the President's foreign policy reached a new intensity last week. The Senate began a lengthy debate on whether to give Nixon a two-year extension of the draft; many argued strongly against it. Senator John Stennis, conservative chairman of the Armed Services Committee and a loyal supporter of Administration military policies, introduced a resolution that would curtail presidential power to make future wars. After years of objecting to the heavy U.S. troop com-

mitment in Europe, Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield took decisive action: he introduced an amendment to the draft bill that would compel the Administration to reduce American forces in NATO by one-half.

It was the Mansfield move that most alarmed the White House. The dollar crisis in Europe had underscored Mansfield's complaint that the troop commitment was too costly for the U.S. The amendment, which comes to a vote this week, picked up considerable support. The Administration reacted vigorously, claiming that it would lead to collapse of the Atlantic Alliance. Said a White House aide: "There is no fallback position on this. We are going to fight it like hell, and we may lose. But there is no alternative."

Asinine. The President called on some notably big guns to help in the fight. He summoned foreign policymakers, past and present, Democratic and Republican, to a hastily convened conference at the White House. NATO Commander General Andrew Goodpastor and Robert Ellsworth, U.S. Ambassador to the Atlantic Alliance, arrived from Europe. Also on hand were George Ball and Dean Acheson, John J. McCloy and Henry Cabot Lodge, General Lucius Clay and General Alfred Gruenther—a reunion of the old U.S. foreign policy establishment. After the meeting, they presented a solid phalanx of support for the Administration. Snapped Acheson: "It is absolutely asinine to reduce forces unilaterally." Later in the week, even Lyndon Johnson weighed in with a stern warning against troop withdrawal.

The Administration also got an unexpected assist from, of all people, Soviet Party Chief Leonid Brezhnev, who gave a speech at Tiflis, in Stalin's Georgia homeland, recommending that the Soviets and the NATO powers start talking about mutual troop reductions in central Europe. Brezhnev challenged the U.S. to get serious about the subject. He asked rhetorically: "Don't these curious people resemble a person who tries to judge the flavor of a wine without inhaling it?"

Brezhnev's intervention further com-

plicated an already intricate debate (see box, following page). Seizing the opportunity, Administration spokesmen spread the plausible message that it would be ridiculous to withdraw U.S. forces when there was a chance to use them to strike a bargain with Russia.

Strict Constructionism. While fighting off unacceptable amendments, the Administration had its hands full trying to salvage the draft bill itself. For the first time since 1940, when President Franklin Roosevelt persuaded an isolationist Congress to renew Selective Service, the Senate seriously considered whether to have a draft at all. Viet Nam, of course, was the reason. Some Senators argued that abolishing the draft would bring the war to a speedier conclusion.

Perhaps more important in the long run than the skirmishes over the draft bill was the defection of Senator Stennis. His resolution struck at the heart of the President's war-making powers. Not that he meant to be as unkind as he seemed. As the Senate sponsor of the draft-extension bill, he wanted to separate the problem of war making from the draft. But as a strict constructionist who opposed the Viet Nam War in the first place, he felt that the time was ripe to rein in the President's power to involve the nation in an undeclared war. His proposal would not apply to the Viet Nam War, but in the future it would allow the President to commit troops only in the case of an imminent or outright attack on the U.S., or if American citizens or armed forces were endangered abroad. He would then be permitted to use troops for a period of 30 days without congressional consent. In any other kind of conflict, only Congress could authorize going to war.

Encroachment. Testifying before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, Secretary of State William Rogers replied that such a bill would be an unconstitutional encroachment on the President's powers. Said Rogers: "To circumscribe presidential ability to act in emergency situations—or even to appear to weaken it—would run the grave risk of miscalculation by a potential enemy regarding the ability of the U.S. to act in a crisis."

Beyond question the President needs freedom to act in an emergency, but that is not the issue that Congress is now pressing. While the Stennis resolution exempted Viet Nam, it was clearly the Indochina war that had prompted him and animated his supporters. Very little in that war has required instant presidential decision; the vital choices have been made only after weeks or even months of mulling over by the commanders in Viet Nam, the civilian chiefs at the Pentagon, and the President and his men at the White House.



AT WHITE HOUSE BREAKFAST

STENNIS ARGUING FOR WAR POWERS RESOLUTION



The Pros and Cons of NATO Troop Withdrawal

ALTHOUGH the distinctions tend to fade in the heat of debate, the battle over the Mansfield amendment is being waged on three fronts—military, economic and political. According to both opponents and proponents, there is much more at stake than just the withdrawal of half of the 300,000 troops that the U.S. maintains in Western Europe. Some of the more telling arguments on both sides:

The heart of Mansfield's case is the huge cost—\$14 billion annually—of the country's NATO commitments and its deleterious effect upon the U.S. balance of payments and the stability of the dollar. He points out that the U.S. annually incurs such NATO expenses as \$2.9 million in land taxes on bases in Great Britain and Germany and \$265 million for the employment of European nationals by U.S. forces. "In other words," he says, "we are paying them to stay there and defend them."

What happens when the U.S. comes up against a financial crunch while the economy is suffering? "They can give us a run on the dollar," Mansfield says. "They can make it difficult for us by increasing prices on American products exported to Europe. My amendment is designed to bring about an early relief to our pressing payments deficits abroad. If these troops that will be returned are disbanded upon their return to the U.S., it will represent a further gain for our budget as well as our balance of payments. The financial savings in that case could well be as high as \$1.5 billion."

Secretary of State William Rogers holds otherwise. In economic terms, he argues, the amendment would have only "minimal benefits." Under present Pentagon plans, the troops would not be disbanded on their return, and the cost of maintaining those forces, Rogers says, would be about the same in the U.S. as in Western Europe. He does concede that bringing the troops home would improve the balance of payments picture, perhaps by as much as \$700 million. But he also hints that the U.S. is trying to get West Germany to increase the offset payments that already counterbalance much of the cost of keeping U.S. troops in Europe.

The Pentagon is quick to argue the impact of withdrawal on NATO combat effectiveness. The five-division equivalent force now in Western Europe, says one general, could hold at the beginning of a conventional war for nearly a month, while waiting for reinforcements to mobilize. "But should that force be cut in half," he says, "we would lose that option, and it would be retreat, surrender or nukes." His assessment is presumably based on the near parity in peacetime troop strength—approx-

imately 1,105,000 NATO to 1,270,000 Warsaw Pact—of the opposing European alliances. Should the U.S. withdraw 150,000 men, the Pentagon claims, this balance would be tilted.

Mansfield retorts that "our forces in Europe have been inflated and muddled, with far more logistical than combat capability." He notes that among U.S. troops with NATO in Europe, there is one general or flag officer for every 2,343 men, whereas when he served in the Army, he says, the average ratio was one colonel for every 3,000 men. Mansfield's point is that the U.S. military in Europe has grown top-heavy. "It is my conviction," he says, "that trimming away the fat in the form of excess supplies and headquarters will result in a leaner, more mobile and more efficient combat force." Besides, Mansfield has persistently argued that although the deployment of American troops in Europe shows the flag and acts as a trip wire to Warsaw Pact aggression, this could be accomplished just as readily with a greatly reduced force.

The real difficulty, according to Rogers, is the long-run diplomatic consequence of Mansfield's proposal. Any unilateral and massive troop withdrawal, he contends, would lead the Soviets to believe that "we're leaving the world," and create among Western Europeans a tremendous crisis of confidence in the U.S. It would, Rogers says, be a "major disaster for this country to let down NATO, which is as essential to our defense as to Western Europe's." He claims that the one thing forcing the Soviets to settle the

Middle East question through diplomatic means is their knowledge that the U.S. will not pull back. He echoes the argument, made by the President, that any unilateral reduction of forces would "completely eliminate the possibility" of a negotiated mutual-reduction agreement with Russia.

Congress has drawn a head on the issue of its own prerogatives. "Do you question Congress's right to bring back forces from Europe?" Senator William Fulbright demanded of Rogers at one point last week. "We're opposed to arbitrary limits," Rogers replied. Nixon in turn is opposing withdrawals partly as a matter of presidential pride and power. But the issue goes far beyond that.

Congress has been restive about the size of the U.S. military presence in Europe for at least five years. The general antiwar mood caused by Viet Nam has reinforced that feeling. But the issues are entirely different; far more is at stake in Europe.

The argument that the Western Europeans should pick up more of the burden is valid. It is incongruous for the U.S. to maintain 300,000 troops in Western Europe 25 years after World War II; obviously, there should be a reduction. The Administration, in essence, agrees. But Nixon has a strong case for calling the Mansfield amendment precipitate. The U.S. cutback need not be as abrupt as Mansfield would have it; preferably, the President should be free to execute it at his own pace, winning whatever concessions he can from the East bloc.



U.S. TROOPS IN NATO EXERCISES IN NORWAY



COMMUNIST PRISONERS IN SAIGON AWAITING REPATRIATION
Beginnings of a break?

THE WAR

Signals in the Fog

In the midst of war, diplomatic signals course between enemies like radio waves through clouds of static. Lately, however, for all the rhetorical fog, some interesting messages have been broadcast on the critical and anguished question of repatriating prisoners of war in Viet Nam.

Last week, North Viet Nam's official news agency reported that Hanoi will accept South Viet Nam's unilateral offer to return 570 sick and wounded North Vietnamese Army prisoners of war. Although the announcement's significance may prove to be as wispy as dozens of earlier initiatives from either side, there were two hopeful signs. For the first time, Hanoi implied an admission that North Vietnamese forces do indeed fight in the South—a point that Hanoi has refused to concede in the past. It is not merely a preposterous semantic game, for the U.S. is trying to negotiate in Paris a mutual withdrawal of all foreign forces from the South—and any such agreement would obviously be empty if Hanoi failed to acknowledge the presence of its troops there. Also for the first time, the North Vietnamese responded to a unilateral repatriation offer by South Viet Nam.

Fourth Year, Hanoi set precise conditions for the repatriation. South and North Vietnamese ships flying Red Cross flags are to rendezvous in the South China Sea off the DMZ at 10:30 a.m. on June 4; there must be no military activity within an 18-mile radius of the rendezvous point on that day; Washington and Saigon must announce ahead of time "the number and characteristics of the ships transporting the patriots to

be released." If those instructions were clear enough, however, what Hanoi was up to remained murky.

As always, the question remained whether such minor concessions represented the beginnings of a break on the difficult prisoner-of-war issue or were merely an isolated exception. As for the American P.O.W.s held by the Communists, Hanoi has still shown no sign of deviating from its position that the U.S. must publicly announce a specific withdrawal date. Then, if the North Vietnamese decide that the timetable is "reasonable," discussions about the release of U.S. P.O.W.s can begin, says Hanoi.

The Communists repeated that formulation last week as the Paris peace talks entered their fourth year with each side, depressingly enough, blaming the other for failing to stop the bloodshed. North Vietnamese acceptance of Saigon's offer to return captured N.V.A. soldiers evidently remains independent of the question of repatriating American prisoners, which is one of the most difficult and dangerous obstacles to ending U.S. involvement in the war.

In recent weeks, however, both sides have increased the frequency and ingenuity of their initiatives. Nixon's proposal to have all prisoners interned in neutral Sweden for the duration has apparently come to nothing. But Hanoi has seemed to crack open a few doors toward broader negotiation, although the Communists wait until the U.S. withdrawal proceeds still further and the South Vietnamese elections approach next fall. By then, American bargaining leverage will be diminished, and there may be signs of new political alignments in Saigon more amenable to making concessions that could bring peace.

THE CONGRESS

Half a Wing for the SST

The nation's environmentalist lobby, refreshed by its success, had turned to other concerns. So had the Boeing Company. After the Senate abruptly voted down further funds for development of the supersonic transport in March, Boeing laid off more than 5,000 workers, dispersed its crack team of SST designers and engineers, and closed down the Seattle factory where for four years it had been creating a supersonic prototype.

But last week, in a classic display of legislative legerdemain, the Administration and the House Republican leadership succeeded in resurrecting the SST, at least temporarily, and reopening the debate on whether the U.S. needs or wants the aircraft on which it has already spent \$864 million in Government funds. By a vote of 201 to 197, the House appropriated another \$85 million to allow continuation of the project.

An irony especially bitter to anti-SST forces was the source of the \$85 million: it was money originally intended to compensate Boeing and General Electric, the two main contractors, for the cancellation. But two weeks ago, House Republican Leader Gerald Ford and G.O.P. Whip Les Arends went to the White House to report that a vote on the canceling appropriation might be deftly turned to revive the plane. "It would be a great thing to get this done," President Nixon told them. The President set his congressional liaison office to work on the project, but the real persuasion was accomplished by Ford and Arends, with help from House Speaker Carl Albert and lobbyists for organized labor.

Logrolling. The House vote in March to cancel the SST had been a close 215 to 204, with twelve not voting. Moving quietly to avoid arousing the anti-SST forces, Ford issued blunt and personal appeals, concentrating on Republicans who had earlier voted against the plane. His basic pitch was party loyalty, backed up sometimes by plain logrolling.

To Georgia's John Davis, originally an opponent of the SST, Ford declared: "If you want support on that guaranteed loan to Lockheed, you'd better vote with us." With the Administration soon to send up a bill providing Government backing for a \$250 million loan to Lockheed Aircraft, which employs 20,000 of Davis' constituents, the Georgian voted yes for the SST. Republican John Thomas Myers of Indiana was an easy switch. "He wants to go to the air show in Paris," a party leader said, meaning that the House leadership could prevent Myers from making the junket. Arends worked a different vein. "Nixon wants this," he repeated to his colleagues. "It's a grand thing to do in the long run." Later he confessed: "Sure, we squeezed—the best we can."

Thus, unexpectedly, a routine vote to pay off the contractors became a decision to try to fly the SST again. Just before it was taken, Democrat Sidney Yates of



REMNANT OF SST MURAL AT BOEING PROJECT CENTER
"You don't turn it on and off like a spigot."

Illinois, a key figure in the earlier House defeat of the SST, was in the Speaker's lobby. "We've got a chance," he said hopefully. "I've got a couple of guys I think I can switch." Ohio's Donald Clancy, a Ford henchman, overheard him. "We've got some more," he told Yates. Yates sagged, for he realized that the Republican leaders had more votes in reserve than he did. "God damn you," Yates said halfheartedly.

At the formal roll call, a majority of members on the House floor opposed the SST, but Ford had persuaded six Republicans to vote "present" instead of "no." That made the difference. "They used every trick imaginable," said Massachusetts' Silvio Conte, the G.O.P. leader of the anti-SST faction. "They twisted arms! What's changed since March? Nothing! Nothing!"

Fatal Estimate. Actually, a great deal had changed, especially at Boeing. Having dismantled the SST operation over the previous seven weeks, Boeing Board Chairman William M. Allen estimated the day after the House vote that it would now cost between \$500 million and \$1 billion in fresh Government financing to get the project going again. Said Allen: "In this business you just don't turn it on and off like a spigot."

Allen's estimate may be a fatal blow to the new hopes for the SST. Supporters of the plane have argued that the price of going on would actually be less than the cost of terminating the project.

Last week's House appropriation must still survive the Senate, which last March voted 51 to 46 to cancel the SST. Senators may be more reluctant to reverse their ground. Anti-SST Senators were confident of defeating the new appropriation in a vote this week. If they do not, they will undoubtedly try to filibuster it to death.

POLITICAL NOTES

Making Points

After buzzing New York harbor in a helicopter with a delegation of state and local officials that included Governor Nelson Rockefeller and Mayor John Lindsay, President Nixon made points last week with city cliff dwellers and conservationists by calling for the creation of a Gateway National Recreation Area in the vicinity of the harbor. It was a curious meeting of three Republicans who rarely agree with one another on much of anything. But Nixon's political purpose was not to mollify his fellow Republicans. Rather, by making the chopper tour, he deftly took the headlines away from a possible presidential rival, Democratic Senator Henry ("Scoop") Jackson, who had scheduled a congressional hearing on the project for later in the week.

Scoop's Scheme

Washington Senator Henry Jackson, the Democrats' hawk hopeful, has discovered that there are other perils to running for the presidency a year too early. A Jackson supporter in the Washington legislature came up with an amendment calling for a presidential primary that would take place one week before the Oregon primary. Jackson would be a sure thing in Washington; that would give him a psychological boost for Oregon, and the combined momentum might then carry him to a crucial primary victory in California. By this plan Jackson would go to the convention with a formidable bag of Western delegates.

However, a Republican raised a parliamentary objection that killed it. Nonetheless, Jackson's hopes for a coup in the Far West are still alive. The Alaska

legislature passed a bill approving a presidential primary for the last week of February. That would beat New Hampshire, previously the nation's first, by two weeks—and add immeasurably to the snows politicians must plow through on the road to the nomination.

Mankiewicz to McGovern

After the assassination of Robert Kennedy, many members of the shattered Kennedy mafia cast their lots with the last-minute candidacy of George McGovern. Among them was Robert Kennedy's press secretary, Frank Mankiewicz, whose face became known nationally when he announced Kennedy's death in Los Angeles. Mankiewicz later collaborated on a syndicated insiders' political column. Now, at the end of the month, he will rejoin McGovern as a top adviser. McGovern will get one of the most astute aides of any Democratic candidate.

Mills as Manipulator

House Ways and Means Chairman Wilbur Mills is a figure to be reckoned with in Washington, as President Nixon discovered when he announced his plans for revenue sharing and quickly ran into Mills' brick wall. The gentleman from Arkansas has long been the principal congressional arbiter of federal finance, but now—for the first time—he plans a king-making role in presidential politics.

Mills is not enamored of any of the current Democratic contenders, and a back-room coalition of conservative Democratic politicians and businessmen—and a sprinkling of liberals too—is forming around him. Some would like Mills to be the nominee himself, and he is obviously tempted by the idea. His public identification with white Southern racial policy precludes his becoming the candidate, but he hopes to line up enough support to control the choice of the 1972 nominee.

MILLS FAN PASTING BUMPERS



FOREIGN RELATIONS

Curbing the J.D.L.

Since the tiny but fanatical Jewish Defense League began systematically harassing Soviet diplomats and their families in New York City and occasionally in Washington, the question of how to end such outrages has grown increasingly grave. To hear some Russians tell it, the league's bullying is as great a stumbling block to improved Soviet-U.S. relations as Viet Nam and the Middle East. Hyperbolic, perhaps, but understandably so, for the Soviet diplomatic community is genuinely revolted and frightened by the J.D.L.'s tactics. The Russians are also increasingly concerned over what they see as the inability or unwillingness of the U.S. to curb the J.D.L.

Last week in New York, U.S. Treasury agents took a tentative step in that direction, arresting the league's acid-tongued leader, Rabbi Meir D. Kahane,

being followed or bothered by insults and obscenities. Last week the nine-year-old daughter of Nikolai Loginov, a first secretary to the Soviet U.N. Mission, was subjected to obscenities shouted by a group on the roof of the Park East Synagogue, directly across from the mission on East 67th Street. Says Loginov: "Can you imagine? To a little girl."

There have been more serious incidents. Early this month, according to Loginov, a chauffeured limousine carrying the wife of the Byelorussian permanent representative and her daughter was forced off the road by a car. The occupants jumped out and began pounding and rocking the limousine, all the while shouting J.D.L. slogans.

Soviet resentment is growing. "Look," says Loginov, "I have lived here for three years and I know how your police treat the Black Panthers. I know what happened to those peaceful demonstrators in Washington. When your police want to

The remaining ways to curb the J.D.L. are few. A mass roundup of J.D.L. members would be illegal. Some have suggested that new laws are needed. In Washington, for example, it is illegal to demonstrate within 500 feet of an embassy. At present, the best course is probably for law-enforcement officials to try to make a strong case against J.D.L. members if there is evidence that they are breaking existing laws—as in the latest charges against Kahane. That may well deter the more offensive assaults on Soviet diplomats and their families.

Incredulous. One last, unlikely resort remains. Suppose, it was suggested to a John Lindsay aide, that the mayor were to come striding out of his office and bark: "I don't care how you do it. I want the harassment of the Soviet diplomats in this city stopped!" Well, said the Lindsay man, the first call would go to the police commissioner. The second would go from the commissioner to his legal counsel. The counsel would quickly burrow into lawbooks to see if there might not be some handy old statutes tucked away. Meanwhile the commissioner would send the word down: "Smother them." In all likelihood, the department would put so many cops on the street in and around the Russians that the J.D.L. would quickly become the victims of harassment—legal, on the whole—instead of the perpetrators. The cops, too, would act as witnesses, which would get around the problem of diplomatic reluctance to testify. The operation would be very expensive, and it might well have no long-term effect. But there is no doubt that it would bring the unpleasantness to an end, at least temporarily.

Could it happen? Replied the aide incredulously: "In this city? With this Jewish vote? You gotta be kidding."

CIVIL RIGHTS

Report on the Beast

The federal bureaucracy is a huge, slumbering monster which, through apathy, nullifies the hopes for racial justice created by the landmark civil rights legislation of the '60s. That was the gist of a report issued seven months ago by the U.S. Civil Rights Commission. Last week the commission announced the results of a Government-wide progress check. Said the commission chairman, the Rev. Theodore Hesburgh, president of Notre Dame: While much remains to be done, "the dinosaur has finally opened one eye."

Ironically, the commission found itself praising last year's bogeymen. Inertia-encrusted bureaucratic domains such as the Securities and Exchange Commission, the Civil Aeronautics Board and the Interstate Commerce Commission were singled out for making some progress in civil rights enforcement. Plans for formal proceedings that may result in a rule against discrimination in employment by the transportation industry are currently being worked on at the CAB and the ICC.



SOVIET DIPLOMAT & BOY FOLLOWED BY J.D.L. MEMBERS IN NEW YORK
Living in a state of siege.

and six of his followers. The seven were seized on federal warrants charging conspiracy to violate the Gun Control Act of 1968 by transporting weapons into the New York area. Within hours, Kahane was free on \$25,000 bail and, ironically, charging persecution. Moreover, Kahane concluded a bizarre alliance with Joseph A. Colombo Sr., a reputed Mafia member and founder of the Italian-American Civil Rights League, to fight what both termed harassment by the Federal Government. The question remains whether the U.S. Government or even the New York City police could have moved against the J.D.L. in a more straightforward manner.

Obscenities. The Russians seem to believe so. They talk of living in a state of siege. Wives of diplomats say that they hesitate to venture out alone, even to neighborhood supermarkets, for fear of

stop demonstrators, they do. But in our case they don't." State Department spokesmen contend that Kahane's arrest last week proved that at least the government and the police are trying.

The crux of the problem is that the J.D.L. is normally very careful not to stray too far outside the letter of the law—defamation or physical assault, for example—and that even when members do, the Soviets seldom permit their diplomats to bring charges and testify in court. The Russians claim that testifying is not their responsibility, that it is up to the U.S. to protect them. But without Soviet cooperation, little can be done. The situation is complicated by the highly emotional aura that surrounds the J.D.L. Most responsible Jewish leaders oppose the J.D.L., but they are also sympathetic to the cause of Soviet Jewry, for which the J.D.L. says it fights.

the S.C. has agreed to require disclosure of pending civil rights actions against a company seeking registration with that agency.

By contrast, the Department of Housing and Urban Development—which once pursued a more activist civil rights role than it has under the Nixon Administration—came under attack. HUD made few positive responses to the commission's recommendations of last fall. The commission had sought clarification of HUD policy toward low-income housing, economic and racial integration of cities and suburbs, and an increase in staff and data-collection procedures. But charts prepared from questionnaires filled out by HUD officials repeatedly carried the notation: "Under review by HUD, the Department of Justice and the White House."

The Other Eye. The problem at HUD reflects the Nixon Administration's indecision on housing policy, which has provided some embarrassing moments for Secretary George Romney. He has seen his position supporting low-income housing in the suburbs publicly undermined by the President.

The commissioners summed up the shift: "It may mark the beginning of the Federal Government's withdrawal from active participation in the effort to eliminate residential segregation." Although the Civil Rights Commission gave guarded approval to some Administration actions in recent months, the criticism of HUD made it clear that the dinosaur ought to open the other eye as well.

JUSTICE

Panthers Acquitted

In the numerology of protest, they were the New York 13: members of the Black Panther Party charged with conspiring to bomb police stations, department stores and railroad tracks, and to assassinate policemen. In the two years since a predawn police raid set off the long chain of legal maneuvering, numbers spiraled around them. The defendants, eleven men and two women, were charged with 30 offenses that could have brought each of them a total of 309 years in jail. Bail was set prohibitively high at \$50,000 to \$100,000—and 43 judges refused to reduce it. The trial lasted eight months and cost an estimated \$2,000,000, which made it the longest and perhaps most expensive in New York State history.

Presiding Judge John Murtagh's home was bombed during the pretrial hearings. Two defendants fled to Algeria when the trial was five months old. After all the months of disruption and acrimony, it took the jury just 90 minutes last week to find the defendants innocent of every charge.

Foreman James I. Fox, a black musician, spent 20 minutes answering the court clerk's 156 queries on each specification of the indictment. Judge Murtagh had dismissed all but twelve of the counts against each defendant when



DEFENDANT ALEX MCKIEVER



DEFENDANT LEE ROPER REJOICING

After two years in jail, a party.

he sent the case to the jury. Still, he left the basic prosecution case intact. Afterward, Juror Stephen Chaberski, a graduate student at Columbia University, explained the vote: "The government just did not prove its case."

Motive and Intent. The prosecution had centered that case on the testimony of three police undercover agents, who swore that the Panthers conspired to bomb police stations and Manhattan stores. The agents were subjected to lengthy cross-examination by defense lawyers and evidently failed to persuade the jury that the plot ever passed beyond the theoretical stage.

Ironically, Judge Murtagh, whom the defendants repeatedly denounced in the courtroom, apparently influenced the outcome in the Panthers' favor. Said Chaberski: "In his charge the judge made it perfectly clear about motive and intent. Motive, he explained, is what the defendants would like to do; intent is whether they really intended to do it. And the government did not prove intent." The stunningly swift verdict came after a single written ballot on each charge.

After the verdict the defendants, their supporters and some of the men and women who had sat in judgment of them gathered for a victory celebration. At the party, Juror Frederick Hills expressed his dismay at the conspiracy statutes frequently invoked to prosecute dissenters and radicals. Said Hills: "It's disgusting—a large lasso to bring in people for so many things." Five of the defendants remained in jail because other charges were pending against them, but the others—with the exception of eight-months-pregnant Afeni Shakur, who was out on bail—were released. Some had been held from time to time at Manhattan's Men's House of Detention, known as the Tombs. Said Alex McKiever, now 19: "I was 17 when I came to the Tombs."

The Long Wait

Today, more than eleven years after becoming a Death House resident, I am doing precisely what I began doing the very first day: waiting for a remote, lawless group of judges to decide what may be my final appeal.

Three years after Edgar Smith thus concluded his book *Brief Against Death*, his wait was over: last week a federal judge, considering the last of a score of legal moves, set aside his murder conviction. At 37, Smith—dropped-out genius, jailhouse lawyer, author, and the man currently living under a death sentence longer than any other American—finally won a new trial. His nearly



EDGAR SMITH

He blossomed in prison.

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14 years in the New Jersey State Prison in Trenton had been a time of stubborn and brilliant resistance to capital punishment and of triumph over his own mistakes.

Smith dropped out of high school twice and then joined the Marines; when his hitch was up, he returned to drift from job to job in northern New Jersey. When the body of a 15-year-old high school student named Victoria Zielinski, from Rumsey, was found partially clothed, her head crushed, Smith was brought in for questioning. After a day of intensive interrogation—without legal counsel—he gave police an oral statement that the Bergen County prosecutor's office claimed was an unsigned confession. Smith disavowed it during his trial, but he was convicted after less than two hours of jury deliberation.

During his long stay in the death house, he filed one appeal after another, including four to the Supreme Court, claiming that the statement had been coerced. Last week Judge John J. Gibbons agreed that Smith's rights had been violated and overturned his conviction. Gibbons' ruling precludes prosecution's use of the statement and requires the state to set a new trial in motion within 60 days or set Smith free.

Renaissance. While imprisoned, Smith transformed himself from an unknown condemned man into a national figure. The onetime dropout honed his extremely high intelligence (IQ: 154) on college correspondence courses, legal texts and a renaissance sampling of books and periodicals. He also struck up a correspondence with Columnist William F. Buckley, who championed

his cause in magazine and newspaper articles. Said Buckley of Smith last week: "His harrowing experience has made him wiser, and also a lot of others wiser—certainly myself."

In 1968, Smith's book *Brief Against Death* was published, followed a year later by a novel, *A Reasonable Doubt*. His moving account of the circumstances surrounding his case and his life in the death house attracted a sympathetic following. But always his energies were directed toward appealing his plight through the courts. After last week's decision, the Bergen County prosecutors responsible for a new trial conceded the difficulty of gathering witnesses and evidence more than 14 years after the crime was committed. Smith is finally close to the freedom he sought so long from a cell on death row.

AMERICAN SCENE

V.M.I. Remembers: The Battle of New Market

BOOM! sounded the cannons. Crack! went the rifles. As the smoke settled over the calm greensward of New Market, Va., a ragged gray line of ersatz Confederates marched on the Yankee guns. In accordance with the script, the Bluebellies died in a heap of splendid tragedy. As one mock Union soldier put it: "I'm a Confederate. But there weren't enough real Yankees to man the cannon."

The cannon needed manning for the annual re-enactment of the 1864 Battle of New Market, one of the Civil War's most unusual clashes. The 200 participants were mostly Southern Civil War buffs who turn out annually to honor the Virginia Military Institute cadets who glorified their school's name during the battle. As history has it, the V.M.I. cadets returned to their barracks at Lexington one night after a commemorative ceremony for their old professor, General Stonewall Jackson, who had died the previous year at Chancellorsville. Then the boys got the word: they were needed to help stave off the Yankee advance.

The young cadets—247 in all—marched 80 miles in four days through rain and mud before the battle at New Market. They plunged into battle and acquitted themselves admirably. The North was defeated, but V.M.I. paid its toll: ten were killed and 47 wounded. Their youthful heroism even spawned a poem by one Irving Bacheller:

One night when the boys were all
abed, we heard the long roll beat,
And quickly the walls of the
building shook with the tread
of hurrying feet;
And when the battalion stood in line
we heard the welcome warning,
Breckinridge needs the help o' the
corps; be ready to march in the
morning.

Thousands of Southerners turn out each year to see the drama re-enacted, but the cadet corps of V.M.I. stages its own commemoration. Last week, in splendid array, the seven companies of cadets swept onto the V.M.I. parade ground in full regalia: black-plumed shakos, gray coats, white crossbelts, white ducks. They stood near a statue of Stonewall Jackson, flanked by four cannons named Matthew, Mark, Luke and John. As each name of the ten honored dead was called out, a cadet from the young soldier's company answered: "Died on the field of honor, sir!"

By companies, the corps paraded past another statue, *Virginia Mourning Her Dead*. Flowers were placed on the graves of the six young Confederates who are buried at the foot of the monument (the other four were buried elsewhere). A squad of hand-picked cadets fired a

three-volley salute, and the bugler sounded taps. Then cadets and guests heard *The Tribute*, *V.M.I. Spirit* and of course *Dixie*.

Dixie sticks in a few craws—particularly those of the 13 black cadets. Now that campus protest has become a commonplace, even such a staid institution as V.M.I. is susceptible. Black cadets, who were first admitted in 1968, do not appreciate the playing of what they term a "racist" song such as *Dixie*—even though they realize that it is an inseparable part of the ceremony.

They are not the only ones who find such traditions oppressive. First classmen are beginning to call many of V.M.I.'s rules "Mickey Mouse"—an odd appraisal from young sons of the school attended by George Catlett Marshall and four generations of Pattons.



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THE WORLD

Common Market: Breakthrough in Brussels

It was a long night at the Common Market's Charlemagne Building in Brussels. On the top floor of the glass-sheathed, 15-story headquarters, the Foreign Ministers of the six member nations struggled to define the conditions for British entry on London's third attempt to gain admission to the European Economic Community. One floor below, the British team, headed by Chief Negotiator Geoffrey Rippon, passed the time playing bridge and working on position papers. On the ground floor, some 200 newsmen waited amid a litter of empty beer bottles, empty coffee cups and sandwich crusts for an end to the tough bargaining session.

At 4:30 a.m., as a gray dawn broke over Brussels, the newsmen were invited to go upstairs. "A major breakthrough?" inquired one reporter. "D'accord," replied Rippon, speaking fittingly in French. "The dialogue of the deaf is over." French Foreign Minister Maurice Schumann also seemed pleased. "The results," he said, "need no commentary." Schumann added that the entire negotiations could be completed by the end of June. Since Ireland, Denmark and Norway seek to join at the same time as Britain, the Six could become the Ten by 1973—with a larger population than either Russia or the U.S. and a gross national product second only to America's (\$1 trillion-plus v. \$660 billion).

Measurably Mellowed. The sudden surprising burst of progress established a favorable climate for the summit meeting in Paris this week between France's President Georges Pompidou and Britain's Prime Minister Edward Heath. The breakthrough came on the second evening of the two-day bargaining session in Brussels. The first day had ended poorly. Rippon was adamant in his demands



HEATH



POMPIDOU

The Six may now become the Ten.

for assurances that Commonwealth sugar-producing countries, such as Jamaica, Mauritius and Fiji, be granted special preferences to sell their commodity to the Common Market. The Six refused. "They tried to hustle us as if we were a little girl on whom they had designs," the French press quoted Schumann as saying. "Well, the little girl isn't so little. The Common Market is 14 years old and won't allow itself to be treated like that."

The next day Schumann went to Paris for the weekly Cabinet meeting. When he returned that evening, France's position had measurably mellowed. To a large degree, the Germans were responsible for that. Earlier in the week Bonn decided to cope with its nagging inflation by allowing the mark to float in relation to other currencies. In terms of national interest, the decision was perfectly defensible, for nothing upsets the West German voter so much as mon-

etary instability. In the context of the Common Market, however, the decision was highhanded, for it upset the parity rates among the currencies of the Six (see BUSINESS). But the German action helped to convince Pompidou that the British were needed in the EEC to serve as a counterweight to the Germans. Moreover, Pompidou apparently felt that France could not afford the stigma of once more blocking progress toward a united Western Europe. Consequently, as the ministers took their places around a hollow square of teak tables in the Charlemagne Building, the French were prepared to soften their positions on three major items:

COMMONWEALTH SUGAR. Under the guidance of Schumann, who is presently serving as chairman of the EEC ministerial council, the Six drafted a pledge to protect the Commonwealth's sugar islands. It said that members of the "enlarged community" would join to "safeguard the interests of countries whose economies depend to a large degree on primary products, particularly sugar." Rippon felt that the wording was sufficiently strong. After all, if there were any inclination to wobble on that promise once Britain was inside the Market, London could threaten to make things difficult for the one-crop French African countries that are protected by special trading arrangements.

AGRICULTURAL TARIFFS. Britain wants several years to adjust from the import of lower-priced U.S. and Commonwealth foodstuffs to the Common Market's high-priced produce, which is protected by tariffs. The switch will mean a rise of as much as 28% in British food costs. The Six agreed to a timetable that allows Britain five crop years after entry to make the change. As a result, price mark-ups on foodstuffs in Britain will come



gradually, and the full impact on the British cost of living will not be felt until the late 1970s. The Benelux representatives, whose farmers grow mainly fruits and vegetables, were the last hold-outs against such generous terms. Said Dutch Foreign Minister Joseph Luns when the compromise was presented to him: "My tomato heart bleeds, but I accept."

BRITISH DUES. The French have long insisted that Britain, from the start, should pay a large share of the EEC budget. Over a five-year transitional period, Britain's dues could total 25% of the budget, which is expected to reach \$4.4 billion by 1973. The British initially offered to start at 3% and work up to 15% in five years—a proposal that Pompidou rejected as ludicrously low. Now the French have agreed in principle to a plan that would keep Britain's eventual dues in line with its share of the Common Market's G.N.P.—about 20%. More importantly, the plan would provide extra time for "correctives" if Britain's budget payments to the EEC overtax the Exchequer. The British can probably live with that arrangement.

That leaves two major issues still unsolved. One is the role of British sterling. Among other things, the French fear that the Common Market would inherit the responsibility for sterling which, as a reserve currency, is subject to the stresses of the sort that have recently beset the dollar. As a result, the French want London to discourage foreign countries from holding sterling balances. The other issue is New Zealand, whose entire economy depends on exports of lamb, butter and other agricultural products to Britain. Last month New Zealand's Premier Sir Keith Holyoake presented his country's case to Pompidou, who acknowledged New Zealand's ties of "emotion, sympathy, culture and blood" to Europe. But Pompidou also told Sir Keith that the New Zealand issue was so difficult that it would probably be the last one to be resolved.

Severe Setback. The swift and unexpected progress in Brussels alarmed anti-Market forces in Britain. In the House of Commons, one Labor M.P. called the agreement "a sellout advertised as a breakthrough." Another cried: "There has been a climb-down!" Though 100 Labor M.P.s last week signed an open declaration in favor of British entry into the EEC, most of the other 184 Laborites in Commons are strongly anti-Market. So, too, are Britain's trade unions, the major source of Labor's power. Labor Party leader Harold Wilson, who left 10 Downing Street in 1970 as a nominal advocate of Common Market membership for Britain, is striking an ambivalent note. Recently he has been muttering about the danger of "blackleg" laborers from the Continent who might take away good jobs from good Englishmen if Britain joined the Market without sufficient safeguards against the influx of foreign labor.

There is little doubt that if Wilson

found Heath in a vulnerable parliamentary position over the Market issue, he would strike at once—to kill. Moreover, the British public, which overwhelmingly favored seeking admission only five years ago, has turned heavily against joining. The reasons range from anxiety about higher food costs to an abiding fear that membership would extinguish the British way of life.

Meanwhile, Heath is under heavy attack at home for a variety of reasons. Last week's British local elections were a disaster for Heath and his Conservatives—even more than is normally the case in off-year balloting. Though only city and country council seats were at stake, the campaign was fought largely on national issues. The main one was Heath's anti-inflationary economic policy, which has allowed unemployment to climb to 3.4%, an alarmingly high figure by British standards. The Labor Party gained a grand total of 2,083 new council seats and lost only



CAIRENES LISTENING TO SADAT'S BROADCAST
Even the President's house was bugged.

eight. By contrast, the Tories lost 1,982 seats and won only 39.

When Heath and Pompidou meet in Paris, their most difficult task will be to raise the level of negotiations from the grocery basket to the international political sphere. That may be easier said than done. Heath does not want to become the posthumous hero, politically speaking, of a future united Europe—despite his 20-year devotion to that ideal. Pompidou is still torn between his visceral Gallic fear of the Germans and his more intellectual fear of Britain as a Trojan horse for U.S. interests on the Continent. Yet both are also aware that unless Britain joins the Six, Western Europe is never likely to achieve the size and power to counterbalance the growing Soviet pressures on Europe and to deal as an equal with the U.S.

MIDDLE EAST

A Preemptive Purge in Cairo

Over double Scotches in his private drawing room, Egypt's President Anwar Sadat confided to an American visitor early last week that he might shortly move to consolidate his power. He had just dismissed his chief rival, left-leaning Vice President Ali Sabry (TIME, May 17), and he hinted at further moves to strengthen his hold. Even so, few expected him to move as quickly and boldly as he did. Later in the week, in rapid-fire succession, Sadat fired Egypt's tough Interior Minister Shaarawi Gomaa and accepted the resignations of War Minister General Mohammed Fawzi, Minister for Presidential Affairs Sami Sharaf, two leaders of the Arab Socialist Union, the speaker of the National Assembly, and three other ministers—in sum, the heads of all the

military, legislative and political institutions in the country. Then he placed all nine under house arrest on charges of plotting to overthrow his government.

The eight ministers and party officials who resigned in sympathy with Gomaa had hoped to bring on the collapse of Sadat's regime.* In essence, they had tried to make Sadat unanswerable to the party. He insisted on being President in fact as well as in name. If Sadat can make the purge stick—and there was every indication last week that he can—he may well emerge with

* They had more personal reasons as well. One of the Cabinet members who resigned is married to Gomaa's daughter, another to Gomaa's sister-in-law. The departed War Minister, Mohammed Fawzi, is a cousin of Sami Sharaf. And ex-Information Minister Mohammed Fayek is married to the niece of Ali Sabry.

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as much power as his predecessor, Gamal Abdel Nasser, ever enjoyed.

The departed officials were hard-liners, opposed to Sadat's flexible and apparently pacific foreign policy. Their removal could lend powerful impetus to the good will established between Washington and Cairo in the wake of Secretary of State William Rogers' visit two weeks ago. Such a development could only rattle Moscow's foreign ministry—and perhaps Jerusalem's as well.

Averted Arrest. Sadat may have been forced to move more quickly than he intended. He had been planning a double family celebration—his wife's birthday and a daughter's wedding anniversary—for the night the upheaval took place. The party was canceled. That afternoon, TIME Correspondent Gavin Scott spent almost an hour at the presidential mansion and found no atmosphere of impending crisis.

As Sadat told it in a speech broadcast to his startled nation, a young intelligence agent, more loyal to the President than to Interior Minister Gomaa, had brought two tape recordings to the President's home early one morning. They were recordings of tapped telephone conversations, revealing that the Interior Minister had set a trap for Sadat about two weeks ago. Gomaa had surrounded the headquarters of Cairo radio with policemen in civilian clothes to prevent the President from speaking to the nation after a stormy meeting of the party's central committee. Sadat chose not to broadcast that night, thus averting a showdown and his possible arrest.

After hearing the tapes, Sadat called up Sharaf and told him to inform Gomaa "that I have accepted his resignation"—despite the fact that the Interior Minister had not submitted a resignation. Sharaf "wept on the telephone." Sadat recalled during his broadcast last week. "I said, 'When I lose confidence in someone, I cannot maneuver or lay an ambush. I am straightforward and always in the open!'"

"What was really painful," Sadat continued, "was the discovery that my own house had been bugged." The President was sufficiently appalled to proclaim "an immediate end to police restrictions on the freedom of citizens," including wiretapping, "except where the security of the state is concerned"—a wide loophole. He also appointed a committee to investigate the activities of the secret police. Crowds of delighted Egyptians turned out in the streets shouting "Sadat, Sadat" and waving his picture.

In place of the departed ministers, Sadat named a new 33-man Cabinet composed largely of "efficient young

men and university professors," as the President put it. Army Chief of Staff Mohammed Sadek, who succeeded Fawzi as War Minister, prudently ordered a stepped-up alert of troops around Cairo almost as soon as the resignations were announced. "The storm is over," Sadat told Egyptians in his speech. "I have told members of the armed forces that I will mince anyone who tries to undermine our internal front."

Sadat's preemptive strike in effect eliminated from power all his major rivals among Nasser's heirs. It also settled a sharp policy debate. Sabry, the first to go, was not only jealous of Sadat's growing personal prestige but also a noisy critic of the President's decision to join Libya and Syria in a vague new Arab federation. Gomaa had objected to Sadat's plans for constitutional reforms to guarantee the civil liberties that the former Interior Minister had made a career of suppressing.



FAWZI

GOMAA

All in the family.

Ex-War Minister Fawzi and most of the others had grown impatient with Sadat's search for a diplomatic solution to the Arab-Israeli conflict. Moscow was left without one close friend in the top Cairo leadership. Sadat, at the risk of appearing beholden to Washington in the eyes of more militant Arabs, was in effect keeping open the option to pursue Rogers' diplomatic initiative.

Big Noise from Winnetka. On the surface, the chances of success for that initiative did not appear high last week. No sooner had Rogers returned from his swing through the Middle East than Jordan's King Hussein disinterred an old Arab vow "not to give up one inch of Arab land." Sadat, on a visit to the Suez front early in the week, placated army officers by telling them that the chances of peace were no more than 1 in 100. Some Israelis were likening Rogers' visit to a 1940s popular song: "Big noise blew in from Winnetka." Big noise blew right out again.

Yet the public posturing and cynicism on both sides masked a subsurface momentum, however gradual, toward an interim agreement on opening the Suez Canal. "There is still life in this possibility," Israeli Foreign Minister Abba Eban told the Knesset, "even if agreement is not certain." As one high U.S. official put it: "The mirror image on both sides is a desire to move with deliberation in order to avoid the misunderstandings that have marred such efforts in the past."

The two sides are still diplomatic leagues apart. Israel's position is that it might accept some official Egyptian presence short of military forces on the east bank of the canal—perhaps a small police contingent. It would insist on at least a skeleton staff to maintain the Bar-Lev Line of canal fortifications, an idea that Cairo would be unlikely to accept. Israel looks with little favor, however, on Rogers' proposal for an international peace-keeping force in the area.

Presumably there is room for bargaining over the distance the Israelis would be willing to pull back. Government officials in Jerusalem have hinted at eight to ten miles from the canal. Egypt has demanded that Israeli forces go farther—a full 115 miles, but that may well be merely an opening bid. Probably the stickiest issue is Sadat's insistence that any interim agreement on the canal be linked to a commitment by Israel to withdraw eventually from all occupied territories. Jerusalem is equally determined that any partial withdrawal be entirely separate from negotiations for an overall peace agreement.

Powers of Persuasion. In the wake of Rogers' trip, the U.S. has more or less committed itself to helping resolve the differences between the two parties. Egypt and Israel both recognize that the U.S. is the only power capable of shouldering the role of go-between. Only Washington, as Israel's staunchest friend and sole arms supplier, has powers of persuasion with Jerusalem. If Sadat, with his hard-lining opponents out of the way, can offer a reasonable compromise on Suez, the pressure will be on Washington to exercise that influence.

CUBA

When Friends Fall Out

Fidel Castro was once the particular pet of Europe's non-Communist left. Lately, however, *El Jefe* has come under increasing attack from his erstwhile admirers for his administrative failures and his increasing reliance upon Moscow, which keeps some 30,000 "advisers" in Cuba to help run things. Last week Fidel was smarting as a result of the most intense criticism to date from leftist intellectuals for his Soviet-style crackdown on a Cuban poet named Heberto Padilla.

For some time Padilla's verse was allowed to circulate freely, even after his critical stance toward the regime had begun to attract attention abroad. But he ran into major trouble in 1968, when



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POET PADILLA

One step forward, two or three back.

an international panel of leftist intellectuals assembled by Castro's government awarded Cuba's national poetry prize to *Out of the Game*, a collection of Padilla's verse that had been banned by the regime as "revolutionarily unfit." One poem suggested that anyone who wanted to get along in the new Communist Cuba should learn

*...to walk
as every member does:
one step forward,
and two or three backwards;
but always applauding.*

The award enraged the rigidly orthodox leaders of Cuba's Writers and Artists Union, and Padilla's book was published in Cuba only after the insertion of a prologue pronouncing it "full of skepticism, ambiguities, critical philosophy and anti-historicism." Almost immediately, *Verde Olivo*, the Cuban armed forces magazine, began a series of anti-Padilla broadsides, accusing him of "assailing the CIA by erroneous writing."

Under Torture. Last March Padilla was arrested without charges and thrown into dank Campo Libertad, a prison in Havana. In a letter to Castro, a group of prominent intellectuals (among them: Jean-Paul Sartre, Simone de Beauvoir, Alberto Moravia and Carlos Fuentes) protested. But what got him out, five weeks later, were his own words. Padilla abjectly confessed to "a series of insults and defamations against the revolution, which are now—and always will be—my shame." He accused European leftist Writers K.S. Karol and René Dumont, who recently published critical studies of Castro's regime (*TIME*, Feb. 8), of being "unquestionably CIA agents."

Self-exiled Cuban Novelist Juan Arcocha, an old friend of Padilla's who now lives in France, insists that the poet's "self-criticism could have been

signed in only one way: under torture." That is unproven, but one thing is beyond dispute. Padilla's evidently forced recantation only further estranged Castro from his quondam admirers. "The pit between Cuba's leaders and the non-Communist European or Latin American Left is being dug deeper," wrote Marcel Niedergang, a longtime friend and supporter of Castro, in France's *Le Monde*. For his part, Fidel turned his big-bore verbal artillery against the intellectuals. "So they are at war with us," said Castro in a Havana speech. "Magnificent! They are nothing more than brazen pseudo-leftists who instead of being here in the trenches live in the bourgeois salons 10,000 miles from the problems. They are going to be unmasked and left nude to the ankles."

PAKISTAN

Polishing a Tarnished Image

"We have been maligned," declared the Pakistani armed forces intelligence chief, Major General Mohammad Akbar Khan. The general's complaint, delivered to half a dozen foreign journalists in Karachi, concerned the widespread reports of army brutality in the effort to crush the seven-week-old Bengali rebellion in East Pakistan. Incensed by what it describes as "connected items put out by foreign press and radio," the government staged a series of briefings and a fast four-day helicopter tour of the East to get the "correct" story across.

Peace Committee. The West Pakistani government has good reason to fret about its image. Since the crack-down on the breakaway state of Bangla Desh began late in March, at least 200,000 have died—almost all of them Bengalis. In addition, more than 1,500,000 Bengalis have fled to India, and those who have stayed behind are threatened with an approaching famine that the government does not seem anxious to combat. Most outside observers have laid the responsibility for the East Pakistani tragedy to the hobnail-tough martial law imposed by Lieut. General Tikka (meaning "red hot") Khan. The West Pakistani-dominated government insists that the army has "saved the country," not destroyed it. The new official line: Bengali rebels, acting "in high conspiracy with India," were tearing through East Pakistan with "tactics reminiscent of Nazi storm troopers," and the army was forced to step in to prevent a bloodbath.

The journalists' tour was carefully staged to make the government's improbable tale at least look convincing. Army escorts for the six newsmen spared no effort to clean up, screen off or simply avoid shell-pocked buildings, burned-out Bengali settlements left by Tikka Khan's jets and tanks. On the other hand, the Pakistanis lost no opportunity to show off evidence of brutality by the Bengalis. At Natore, a town north-west of Dacca, the reporters were greet-

ed by a "peace committee," as the army-organized pacification teams are known. The committee led the way to a nearby village where, they said, 700 of the 1,300 residents had been slaughtered by rampaging Bengalis. The feature attraction was a well that was choked with human skeletons and reeked of decomposing flesh. Said one peace committeeman: "You have never seen such atrocities!"

The army was not at all eager, however, to let the journalists look around on their own. While walking through Natore, *TIME* Correspondent Louis Kraar reported last week, "a bearded peace committeeman kept interrupting every time anyone spoke to me. Finally, I escaped him—and found myself in the Hindu section of town. It was totally destroyed, a pile of rubble and ashes. As I walked, a young Bengali pressed close and explained that he was a student. 'We are living in terror of the army,' he told me. 'Until today, when you came, they have been killing people.'"

Perfect Order. Just about everywhere, Kraar found, the killing had followed a typical pattern: government troops would try to "liberate" a rebel-held town in a deliberately provoking manner. The Bengali townspeople would wreak revenge on the non-Bengalis (in the process killing perhaps 20,000, or about 10% of the total dead), and then the army would pounce with everything it had. At Mymensingh, a town north of Dacca, that meant an air strike by Pakistani jets and a five-hour shelling by two American-made M-34 tanks. Many of Mymensingh's Bengali sectors are in ruins, and about 90% of its pre-civil war population has fled or been killed. That is evidently the kind of record that pleases Tikka Khan, who likes to say: "We want perfect law and order."



EAST PAKISTANI CHILD IN REFUGEE CAMP
After the army pounced.

Australia: She'll Be Right, Mate—Maybe

You never knew anything so nothing, Nichts, Nullus, niente, as the life here. Australians are always vaguely and meaninglessly on the go. That's what the life in a new country does to you: it makes you so material, so outward, that your real inner life and your inner self dies out, and you clatter around like so many mechanical animals. . . . Yet the weird, unawakened country is wonderful. . . .

SO wrote British Novelist D.H. Lawrence to his wife's sister in 1922. Contemporary Australians could justifiably answer Lawrence with the words of another British author, Anthony Burgess, who recently wrote: "This great, empty continent must surely become

Actress Zoe Caldwell, Actors Leo McKern and Rod Taylor. Writers Morris West and Alan Moorehead, Artist Sidney Nolan.

But lately, much of the traffic has been the other way. With the U.S. caught up in momentous internal problems, Australia has become the place that millions of Americans and Europeans consider the last beckoning frontier. A recent Gallup poll reported that 12% of the American people would like to move abroad, twice as many as in 1959. Of that group, a third (about 8,000,000) would choose Australia as their new home; since 1965, no fewer than 14,000 have done so. The same poll revealed that 40% of the British people, 27% of the West Germans and

THOMAS HOOPER

16% of the Hollanders would like to emigrate. Among the Britons and Hollanders, Australia was again the most popular choice.

What is the attraction? Jobs are plentiful, as usual, and the country is riding the crest of a mining boom in the Northwest. Australia still throbs with zestful materialism. It is an egalitarian land with a relaxed, undemanding life-style. The big cities are all on the coasts, and three-quarters of the people live within an hour's drive of a beach. Sydney, built around three harbors, sometimes seems almost water borne. "All my students seem seduced by sport and sun," says a professor at the university in Perth, echoing the tribute of Poet Dorothea Mackellar to Australia as "the white, brown land." "The wide, brown land."

If that sounds rather like Lawrence's description of energetic mindlessness, there is more to the picture. Contrary to myth, Australia has long been largely urban; today it is becoming urbane as well. There are many signs that it has entered an age of self-awareness. Ten universities have been built in as many years, and a sharp debate is under way on the low quality of state-run secondary schools. The country, moreover, is hardly the cultural desert portrayed by its critics. Every one of the six states has a subsidized orchestra, and new centers for the performing arts are being built in Sydney, Melbourne, Adelaide and Perth. The most spectacular new home of the arts, scheduled to open next year, is Sydney's \$106 million opera house, whose spinnaker-shaped roofs seem almost ready to sail across the harbor.

Australia, it has been said, is much like California without the extremes; it has neither California's social tension

nor creativity. But it has the same strong streak of conservatism surviving amid change, the same beach culture, the same new suburbs and universities. It tolerates eccentricities and mavericks, has the same need for approval by outsiders and is beginning to show the same obsession with self-analysis. Writes TIME Correspondent John Shaw: "Like California, Australia knows about gold, luck, sport, opportunity, split-levels, the rich strike, the easy buck, the swift rise, the hard fall, the feeling of frontier, the myth of the explorer and the pioneer. Unlike California, Australia does not yet know much about smog, racial tension, youthful radicalism, the barrenness of affluence, the alienation of urbanism. The most obvious challenges to Australia are to avoid these."

Viable Quorum

Despite an open land and bountiful resources, Australians are, to a surprising extent, "knockers"—a skeptical people. They are accustomed to flood, drought, bush fire and a geography that, except for a few narrow coastal strips, does not encourage facile ideals or visionary plans. With a kind of perverse heroism, they have made the national holiday the celebration of a defeat, the devastating battles in the Gallipoli campaign against the Turks in 1915. Australian nationalists would like to see the country adopt a stirring song called *Advance Australia Fair* as the national anthem in place of *God Save the Queen*. The change is resisted not because of monarchist sympathy but a widespread suspicion about pretension and lofty appeals. "Australians are still frightened of success," says Charles Court, who has played an important part in the mineral development of Western Australia. "They think too small."

Once, their detractors wisecracked that they did not think at all. But now issues that used to be reserved for "ratbags" (irresponsible eccentrics)—such as the white-Australia policy, the treatment of the country's 180,000 aborigines, Viet Nam, abortion, the status of women—are discussed widely. An embryonic Women's Lib movement based in Sydney has just published the first issue of its newsletter *Mejane*, named for

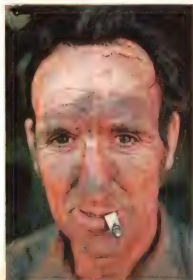


KANGAROO WARNING SIGN IN THE OUTBACK
Self-awareness to go with the sunburn.

the New New World, and it is significant that the accents of the disillusioned New World now mingle with the cheerful Dickensian cockney of Perth, Melbourne and Sydney. . . . The country breathes promise, and it is a wonderful place for bringing up big, brown, barefooted children."

The fact is that Australia's reputation has rarely if ever coincided with its reality. In an earlier age it was known as the resettling place for convicts—157,000 in all between 1788 and 1868. Throughout its history, many foreigners have found it to be in Lawrence's words "so hoary and lost, so unapproachable." Even a few Australians have agreed. Every year some 6,000 of them leave home, mostly for Europe and America, and even today a large percentage of the best-known Australians are expatriates. Among them: Soprano Joan Sutherland, Dancer Robert Helpmann,

THE FACES OF MODERN AUSTRALIA (clockwise from upper left): Aborigine at Port Hedland in Western Australia, schoolgirl in Canberra, lifeguard at Sydney beach, Flemington sports fan, bagpipe player in Melbourne parade, miner at Mount Newman, genteel horse-racing enthusiast in Flemington, beer-drinking spectator at Sydney cricket match. Center: A leggy Australian beauty, the tawny, South Pacific version of the California golden girl.





Champion Yachtsman Jim Hardy in family vineyard.



Land Developer Alan Bond on his boat in Perth marina.



Melbourne's Lord Mayor Edward Best in ceremonial robes.

Artist Leonard French beneath his glass ceiling at National Gallery of Victoria.

Prime Minister William McMahon with Wife Sonia, Daughter Melinda and Son Julian.



Union Leader Robert Hawke.



Fashion Designer Prue Actor, 27, creator of mod styles from bikinis to party frocks, with her staff in Melbourne.





Sydney's new opera house with sail-like roof.

Bronzed surfing beauty at Noosa Heads Beach in Queensland.



Mixed set at Melbourne tennis court.



Surfing along at a Sydney beach.

Sidewalk wicket in an Italian section of Melbourne.





Well-sunned spectators at Test Cricket Match between England and Australia.

Playing slot machine at workingman's club. Children with kangaroo at wildlife sanctuary.



Rugby game in the South Sydney Junior League.





Malcolm Robinson, with Wife Nancy and dogs, herds sheep by motorcycle.



Japanese-Australian construction at Port Kembla.
Mount Newman miner in company canteen.



Sydney postmen relaxing during a lunch break.
Workman beside huge truck at iron-ore field.



Tarzan's overly protected mate. Says Daryl Jackson, a young Melbourne architect who has worked and studied in the U.S.: "On all of these issues there is now what might be called a viable quorum. A few years ago there were not enough people concerned with them even to get a dialogue going. Now you can have a debate on any of them. That's the biggest change here in the past five years."

What has brought about the change? One factor is the wave of immigration that has helped push Australia's population from 7,500,000 at the end of World War II to 12.7 million today. The newcomers, increasingly from Italy and Yugoslavia as well as Britain, have given Australia a much more vivid and varied texture, and have made its society more tolerant through diversity. A fourth of the populations of Sydney, Melbourne, Adelaide and Perth are foreign born. Foreign manners and mores have affected the restaurants, shops, services, styles and architecture; Sydney and Melbourne now have a variety of eating places to compare with New York or San Francisco. Seventy foreign-language newspapers are published in Australia; Italian, Dutch and Greek clubs can be found everywhere, and the outdoor café has become a part of the Australian way of life.

Influx of Newcomers

Mediterranean immigrants tend to shun the traditional pubs-and-beer culture, and have led the way to a three-fold increase in wine consumption in the past decade. The new residents are occasionally criticized for working too hard and spending too little, but there has been surprisingly little violence or tension between old and new Australians, or among the immigrants themselves.

The influx of newcomers is remarkable: 180,000 last year. This has put a heavy strain on Australian social services. Accordingly, the government has decided to cut the number to 140,000 this year, of whom 100,000 will pay only \$25 for their journey; the rest of the cost is paid by the Australian government. The reduction will give schools and hospitals a breather, but it may lead to a labor shortage and wage increases; immigrants currently account for one-quarter of Australia's work force.

Despite the temporary curtailment, Australia is likely to remain for the rest of the century a land that is virtually wide open to foreigners—or at least to white ones. Since 1966, the government has even relaxed the long-standing white-Australia policy, which generations of politicians coyly insisted did not exist. Last year, under an informal quota of 10,000 per year, 3,500 non-whites (mostly Chinese from the Pacific islands and Southeast Asia) and 6,000 persons of mixed blood (mainly Anglo-Indians, Anglo-Ceylonese and Anglo-Chinese) were admitted.

There is no prospect, however, that Australia will become an ethnic mish-mash like Brazil, as some critics of the new immigration policy have charged; after all, the country still accepts many more whites than nonwhites. Few of the nonwhites are black, although Australia has admitted 250 black American immigrants in the past five years.

Nation of Suburbs

Immigration is only one of the factors that have changed Australia profoundly since World War II. The country still has its bush pilots and grizzled cowboys, its sheepherders who travel around their 100,000-acre spreads by motorcycle, and its "kings in grass castles" who raise huge herds of Santa Ger-

homes of more than half the Australian population.

Australian literature once consisted of bush ballads about drovers and sundowners, poems to the shearers and squatters, the track and the outback. Today the setting of Australian writing is city and suburb. Patrick White, the country's leading novelist, achieved fame with *Voss*, his novel about an explorer; today, in a style reminiscent of John Cheever and John Updike, he dissects the fictional suburb of Sarsaparilla, probably modeled after Sydney's leafy Castle Hill area. Barry Humphries, Australia's foremost humorist, savagely satirizes what he calls "the pseudos"—the self-consciously trendy Australians caught up in an age of television, jet



trudi cattle. But these are mostly the Australians of myth, slightly larger than life. The faces of modern Australia still include the prospector and the cattleman, but they also include the mine worker, the land developer, the labor leader and the successful young mod designer. Actually, the average Australian is not now—and never was—the remote man of the outback, "the son of field and flock . . . from bold and roving stock," as Poet "Banjo" Patterson described the pioneer. He is a suburbanite, and his country is one of the most urbanized nations on earth. Australians like to tell a newcomer that if he will go first to the top of Sydney's tallest building and then to the top of Melbourne's tallest building, he will see the

charts and public relations. But his chief targets are suburban living and Australian respectability, which he lampoons in the form of two characters he plays: Mrs. Edna Everage, a dogmatic, middle-aged Melbourne lady who wears bizarre hats and white gloves, and is wild about the Queen, gladioli and ex-Prime Minister Sir Robert Menzies; and Sandy Stone, a middle-aged husband addicted to the *Reader's Digest*, radio serials and budgeters.

The suburbs have proved to be a worthy foil. They are full of *nouveaux riches* because the country is newly rich. The size of the average car has doubled in ten years; powerboats on trailers choke airports. There are sculptured gnomes on lawns, and almost every



JAMMED SYDNEY EXPRESSWAY DURING 1969 STRIKE
Luck alone is no longer enough.

front door has a "feature" such as a horseshoe knocker or a flock of stained-glass ducks in flight.

Not far away are the supermarkets crowded with housewives in shorts and minis, the fried-chicken drive-ins and the wig-care salons. The staples of this new life are beer, sports and steak dinners. Power movers whine all day Saturday, and on Sunday mornings the streets are full of pre-breakfast car washers. Every suburb has its lawn bowls club, its public tennis courts and golf course, and many of the young elite are developing such affluent addictions as saunas, big-game fishing, ski weekends and even a little groupsex.

Matey Tone

A center of the new Australian culture is the suburban club, which bears about as much resemblance to the typical U.S. country club as the Manhattan telephone book does to the *Social Register*. The \$1,400,000 East Sydney Club, for instance, has 20,000 members who pay \$5 a year in club fees. It has been described as a cross between Las Vegas and the Y.M.C.A. On a recent Sunday afternoon it bustled with several thousand hoisterous Australians. On the first floor, at least 1,000 members were gathered around 200 slot machines, or sitting in the beer garden or discussing football at the men-only "scrum bar." Upstairs, 600 men and women were drinking beer at long tables while they listened to a stand-up comic; near by, a self-service restaurant was turning out \$2.25 dinners of shrimp, steak and pie. Members who were not exhausted from a day at the beach or sports could swim in the 50-meter pool, enjoy a sauna, or play pool, darts or table tennis. The architecture is brash, the décor

early TWA, the tone-matey and the turnover tremendous. The income from the slot machines pays the mortgages and keeps the costs down.

For most of its history, Australia's economy has ridden on the backs of endless flocks of sheep. Today it rests more comfortably on the gigantic power shovels of the new mines. The economy boasts a steady if unspectacular annual growth rate of 3%, and the country has had virtually full employment for 25 years. "Positions Vacant" columns fill acres of newspaper every day, but Australians note that unemployment is on the rise—from .96% to 1.2% in the past year. Such a rate would go almost unnoticed in the U.S. or Western Europe.

Perhaps the most obvious change in Australian life has been spurred by the mining boom of the past five years, which has more than offset the steady decline in farm income. There have been sizable finds of uranium, copper, lead, zinc, nickel, oil and natural gas. A huge bauxite mine is being developed in the remote Arnhem Land in the Northern Territory. But the center of the expansion lies in Western Australia, which occupies 1,000,000 sq. mi. and has about as many residents. At Kalgoorlie, where Herbert Hoover once managed a gold mine, vast nickel strikes have revived long-dormant ghost towns. In the des-

olate Pilbara region, two railroads, two ports and two brand-new towns have sprung up in the past four years, and more than 20,000 people have flocked in. The lure: some of the largest and richest iron-ore deposits in the world, estimated to total as much as 15 billion tons.

Mountain of Iron

Geologists had long known that north-western Australia contained mountains of ore, but until recently they lacked the technology required for extracting it: chiefly, automated tools and, to make life bearable for the miners, air conditioning. The present boom can be traced largely to the vision of one remarkable man, Charles Court, a Perth accountant turned politician who served as Western Australia's Minister for Industrial Development from 1960 until this year. "We must develop our great empty spaces," Court said, "before we can say we really own Australia."

In three years studded with visits to Japan, the U.S., Britain and elsewhere, Court set in motion a series of enormous deals that have already resulted in the investment of more than \$1 billion in the Pilbara. The \$336 million Mount Newman Mining Co. (30% of which is owned by American Metal Climax) is systematically leveling Mount Whaleback, an immense lode that rises 750 ft., stretches three miles and is said to be rich in ore for at least 1,000 ft. below the earth's surface. In the next 15 years, it will deliver 300 million tons of iron ore to steelmakers, mainly in Japan.

The job of carrying off the mountain bit by bit is done by huge 450-ton power shovels that chew off 25-ton

Healthier and Less Perplexed

GERALD STONE and his wife Beth made the long journey from the U.S. to Australia with their two daughters in 1962, refugees from the nuclear-fallout scare of that year. Born in Columbus, Ohio, Stone, 37, lived for five years in New York, where he worked for United Press International. As the senior reporter on the Australian Broadcasting Commission's top television news show, he earns \$11,200 a year, which he reckons would be worth twice as much in U.S. terms.

"It all seemed so unsophisticated, almost naive," Stone recalls of Australia nine years ago. "Trucks stopped on highways to let schoolgirls cross the road. The groceries didn't keep paper bags, so you had to bring your own." There were few Americans in Sydney in those days, he says, "but it was very pro-American. Australians had Hollywood visions of America as a land of big cars, big houses and beautiful people. The American accent had status here." In those days, Stone recalls, "Australians

would ask in surprise, 'Why would an American come here?'" They no longer need ask. "The headlines have done it: the death of the Kennedys, and Martin Luther King, the race riots, Viet Nam." In 1962, Stone was one of about 200 Americans who arrived in Australia for permanent or long-term residence; last year the figure was 9,000.

The Stones are about to move into their new, \$30,000 four-bedroom home on a gum-tree-shaded site overlooking the middle reach of Sydney harbor. "My last trip to the U.S. showed me for sure that we lead a good life here," he remarked one morning last week. "In Columbus," he said, "old friends were afraid to let their kids go downtown to a movie." At that moment his twelve-year-old daughter Klay was shopping alone in downtown Sydney. "They no longer seemed to know the answers to their problems," Stone continued. "Once, for every American problem, there was a solution. Not any more. In

chunks of ore in a single bite and dump them into 75-ton trucks. The ore is then crushed and transported by 150-car, mile-long freight trains to Port Hedland, where it is loaded aboard freighters at the rate of 10,000 tons an hour. The boom has turned Port Hedland into the world's fifth busiest port.

Typical of the Pilbara's new mining towns is Mount Newman at the foot of Mount Whaleback. Its 2,700 people represent no fewer than 43 nationalities, including one Iclander. Every dwelling is air conditioned, since the temperature runs over 100° F. for two solid months during the summer, and the amenities also include three swimming pools, four tennis courts and a golf course with gravel fairways and sandy greens. The miners are well paid, but the labor turnover nonetheless is 100% a year. The reasons are not hard to find: most ironworkers are after a quick stake and leave as soon as they have saved one. They are also lonely: the town has only 16 single girls.

Quarry for Japan

In 1969 the Pilbara supplied a quarter of Japan's needs of 82 million tons of iron ore. By 1975, Japan will be using 175 million tons, and Western Australia will be providing 70 million. Some Australians have grumbled that the Pilbara will simply become "a quarry for Japan." The best answer is provided by Charles Court, who set the great iron ball rolling in the Pilbara seven years ago: "A quarry has no soul, no permanence. Next we have to develop industries in the north. I think the great task for Australia is to develop new northern cities, and not simply grow around the big southern centers. The



MOUNT WHALEBACK IRON ORE PROJECT IN WESTERN AUSTRALIA
Gravel on the fairways and gold in the ground.

best defense policy is to settle the north."

An even greater task will be to re-define its role. Australia is overwhelmingly white, notably affluent (with a G.N.P. of \$40 billion) and technologically advanced. But it is perched on the edge of Asia.

In the decades to come, Australia's development will be closely intertwined with that of Japan, and Australians are growing increasingly aware of that fact. Even now, the country's best secondary school, Geelong Grammar, where Britain's Prince Charles was once a pupil, is teaching Japanese to 200 boys. Japan is already Australia's second most important trading partner (after the U.S.), and that trade has quadrupled in the past ten years. But the nature and ex-

tent of the relationship are as yet undetermined. Writes Peter Robinson, the Sydney Morning Herald's specialist on Japanese affairs: "There has never before been an advanced nation of European descent which has been largely dependent for its economic welfare on an advanced Asian nation. The real issue that now faces both Australia and Japan is a racial one. Can two dramatically different societies evolve a relationship which transcends their historical prejudices?"

Limited Visions

The question has even larger implications. The fact is that Australia is approaching a watershed as profound as the moment at the beginning of the Pacific war when the Japanese had seized Singapore and stripped the country of its British defense shield. Australia's late Prime Minister John Curtin at that time declared that his country would henceforth look to the U.S. for its security. "Free of any pangs as to our traditional links or kinship" with Britain. Today the U.S. is engaged in extricating itself from Indochina and is unlikely to make new commitments in Southeast Asia for a long time. Yet the Soviet Union, China and Japan are increasing their influence in the oceans that bound Australia. Clearly, the Australians are being challenged to find a new role for themselves in the Pacific. But the response of their leaders thus far has been less than dynamic. Indeed, some critics grumble that Australia's political leadership is so mediocre that every rosy prediction about the national destiny must be qualified.

The present Prime Minister, William McMahon, is likely to prove a transitional figure. McMahon, 63, is an urbane, cultured man who two months ago succeeded John Gorton as Prime Minister and head of the long-ruling Liberal Party, which despite its name is notably conservative. He was previously known as Australia's most effective Treas-



THE STONES AT THEIR NEW HOUSE

Columbus there's crime and fear of crime. Who needs that?"

Stone is not altogether satisfied with the quality of Australian schools. On the other hand, he finds Australia a better place to raise his daughters. "Young people grow up here under less pressure of permissiveness, of drugs and pornography. Growing up here in the '70s is like growing up in America in the '50s."

Beth, who is taking university courses and working in a psychiatric health center, finds more to criticize. "There's a Victorian inequality of opportunity for women here, a great waste of women's resources. Women here don't seem to think they have the right to speak. Even well-educated women hesitate to enter a dinner-table conversation unless asked."

Her husband does not disagree. "Some of the main problems here are the lack of a viable political opposition, the status of women, and deficiencies in education," he says. "But things are improving; Australia is coming into its maturity." With the passion of a convert he adds, "In a word, Australians are healthier than Americans, and less perplexed."

surer. But he is a man of limited vision, and what Australia needs in the 1970s is someone with great imagination. When TIME's John Shaw interviewed McMahon, he asked, "What are your thoughts on the future of Australia?" All of Shaw's questions but that one had been submitted in advance, and McMahon, confronted with the unexpected, was nonplused. Writes Shaw: "McMahon shuffled rapidly through his papers. He found no brief on the future, no position paper filed under F, no memorandum on destiny. He said, 'I'll have to send you a note on that.'" But he never did.

In the next elections, which must be held by November 1972, the opposition Labor Party under Edward Gough Whitlam, a capable but lackluster politician, has its best chance for victory since 1949, when it last ruled. If the Liberals win, however, McMahon will probably

chief lawyer. When he succeeded to the union's leadership last year, he began tackling everyone and everything. He described the national steel monopoly, Broken Hill Proprietary, as rapacious. He called Cabinet Member Billy Snedden, who is considered McMahon's heir apparent, "an intellectual cripple." He blasted then-Prime Minister John Gorton as "a coward, a charlatan and a sham" for refusing to debate him on the issue of the 35-hour work week.

Stone in the Pond

His most spectacular effort was his recent triumph over "resale price maintenance," or price fixing, which had been scrupulously observed by Australian retailers for years. Hawke arranged for his union to buy a partnership in a Melbourne department store, Bourke's, and promptly began to cut prices. Dunlop's, the British-based firm that is heavy-

egation next month, the Prime Minister hastily announced that he too was trying to start a "dialogue" with Peking. In other steps toward establishing a new posture in a changing world, McMahon gave the Soviet Union permission to establish a trade office and a shipping agency in Sydney, and approved the sale of \$2,240,000 worth of Australian sugar-cane harvesting machines to Cuba, despite Washington's apparent displeasure.

A Labor victory next year would make Washington unhappy in at least one other important respect. Labor, says Whitlam, would take a more independent position on the presence of the 13 U.S.-Australian military and space installations. Hawke takes an even more adamant stand. "The American bases," he says, "unecessarily expose us to nuclear attack. The U.S. decision in a potential conflict will be decided on U.S. interests and not on the basis that since we gave the bases, we should be considered in decisions that may involve them." No longer can a Prime Minister say, as the late Harold Holt did, that he was "all the way" with Washington—and let it go at that.

Stirring Land

Does Hawke expect other drastic changes in the years just ahead? "Yes, for Chrissake. The individual Australian's capacity to change is the same as anyone's. In 1960, anyone here who said recognize Red China was called a Communist or a ratbag. That's changed, and so have many other things." Among them is Hawke's once dogmatic approach. "A socialist society would operate better than what we have," he says. "But I'm realistic enough to see that most Australians don't want socialism: therefore we must make the system we have work better. Most capitalism elsewhere works better than it does here."

Hawke has a point. For 20 years, Australia has prospered at least partly because of a generous helping of luck. If wool prices sagged, there was always a new mineral discovery to take up the slack. Small wonder that the Australians still assure each other: "She'll be right, mate"—meaning that everything will work out.

And so it may, but not by accident. Many experts predict that Australia's population will eventually soar as high as 25 million—double what it is today—before it stabilizes. Such matters as the new relationship with Japan, the rationalization of mineral development, and the problems of urbanism, education and conservation can no longer be solved *ad hoc*, or over a few beers, or by trusting to luck. D.H. Lawrence could not call Australia an "unawakened country" today. But if the stirring land is to become as wonderful as Lawrence found it weird, it will need the sort of inspiration, expertise and tough-minded planning that it has rarely had before.




MERINO SHEEP IN CENTRAL AUSTRALIA
Now the spotlight is on Sarsaparilla.

he replaced by a stronger figure in his own party. In both parties, the survivors of the era of Sir Robert Menzies are being crowded by a new generation of better-educated, broader-minded, less complacent men. Among the Liberals are Malcolm Peacock, who at 31 is the country's Army Minister, and Steele Hall, 40, the party leader in South Australia. Foremost among Labor's rising stars is Robert James Lee Hawke, 41, the controversial and amply sideburned president of the 1,750,000-member Australian Council of Trade Unions.

Son of a Congregational minister from the outback hamlet of Bordertown, Hawke is a Rhodes scholar who, while at Oxford, set a world beer-drinking record (according to the 1957 *Guinness Book of Records*, he downed 24 pints in twelve seconds). Hawke spent twelve years as the A.C.T.U.'s brilliant, abrasive

ly involved in manufacturing in Australia, at first refused to supply Bourke's unless the store obeyed price-fixing orders. Hawke retaliated by threatening a strike against Dunlop's, and the manufacturer gave in within 24 hours. The government quickly pushed an anti-price-fixing bill through Parliament, but it was obvious to Australians that the real victor was the outspoken Hawke. "Bob Hawke has thrown a large stone into the middle of a stagnant pond," said a Melbourne businessman. A carpenter in Sydney put it more earthily: "awke's certainly a stirrer, ain't he?"

There are other noticeable stirrings in Australia these days. Last week the government responded, if a bit tardily, to the problem of easing tension with mainland China. A few hours after Labor's Gough Whitlam announced that he would go to Peking with a party del-



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PEOPLE

Awarded the prestigious Dutch Order of Orange Nassau in Amsterdam last week. Pianist **Artur Schnabel**, 85, declared: "I'm grateful, and happy, for the fact that you haven't had enough of me after 45 years." And he added generously: "Holland is one of the most musical countries in the world." Among those who obviously agree is another maestro—World Heavyweight Champion **Joe Frazier**, 27, who picked the Dutch city of Tilburg to open his European concert tour last week with his Knockouts and the Parkette Dancers.

Scene One: First-class section of a New York-to-Boston airliner. Conservative writer **William F. Buckley Jr.** is discovered tapping diligently at a typewriter on his lap. Enter Liberal Writer **Arthur Schlesinger Jr.** on his way to the tourist section. He spots Buckley and stops to needle him about preparing so frantically for the public debate scheduled to take place between them in Boston that evening. Scene Two: Tourist compartment. Schlesinger receives small package from stewardess. He unwraps it, finds cigar with a note: "Arthur—this is my contribution to your last meal, Bill." Scene Three: Logan Airport, Boston. Buckley and Schlesinger meet after disembarking from plane. Schlesinger: "Now I understand what's wrong with American conservatives. They may travel first class, but they smoke terrible cigars." Scene Four: The debating platform, Newton College of the Sacred Heart. Buckley: "It's unwise for Schlesinger to mention cigars—it may remind people of his role in the Bay of Pigs."

When the future Archbishop of Canterbury wanted to find out a thing or two about sex, he didn't wait around. "I began learning about sex before I was ten."

The Most Rev. **Michael Ramsey** told interviewer **Jimmy Saville** on Britain's *Speak Easy* radio show. "I wanted to know where babies came from. I'm in favor of sex education for children. But it must be the very best kind."

"Radical Chic" was the epigram with which Writer **Tom Wolfe** skewered a party given by Conductor-Composer **Leonard Bernstein** and his wife to raise a defense fund for the 13 New York Black Panthers just acquitted of conspiracy (see *THE NATION*). That widely publicized gathering last year proved to be a debacle for Bernstein—he was booed on the podium, picketed by the Jewish Defense League, editorially scolded by the *New York Times*, and flooded with hate-mail. Nothing daunted, however, the persistent Bernsteins last week gave another political party in their Park Avenue pad. This time, it was Catholic Chic: 125 guests (including Producer-Director **Harold Prince**, Composer-Lyricist **Stephen Sondheim** and Cartoonist-Playwright **Jules Feiffer**) raised some \$35,000 to help defend Father **Philip Berrigan**, Sister **Elizabeth McAlister**, and the other six anti-warriors accused of plotting to kidnap **Henry A. Kissinger** and blow up some of the federal heating system. For some reason, nobody from the press was invited.

Mr. **Benjamin Sonnenberg**, 70, is one of the master builders of that great, glittering curtain wall known as Public Relations. He is also, perhaps, his own most successful client—Ben's elegantly Edwardian style has long been a Manhattan happening, and he lives, and grandly entertains, in one of the city's last great houses. From the felicitously festooned walls of his century-old mansion on Gramercy Park, Sonnenberg se-



SONNENBERG BY STEINBERG
A Manhattan happening.

lected 64 portrait drawings of the past 150-odd years for an exhibition that opened last week at the Pierpont Morgan Library. The show includes a Van Gogh, two Modiglianis and a Saul Steinberg (of Sonnenberg). A rich potpourri of New York, N.Y., turned out for the opening—literary, artistic, social—a p.r. man's dream. One well-known mustached face was missing, though—Ben Sonnenberg's. Too shy.

One of the things that long **John Kenneth Galbraith** has been, besides U.S. Ambassador to India, is a trustee of Harvard's Radcliffe College. This may or may not lend weight to the opinions on women he expressed last week to an interviewer (female) for the *London Times*. "I feel very angry when I think of brilliant, or even interesting women whose minds are wasted on a home," said Economist Galbraith. "Better have an affair," he says. "It isn't so permanent, and you keep your job." Marital bliss? "The happiest time of anyone's life is just after the first divorce. People are much happier then than when they are first married." Women would be happier, says Galbraith, if they were not trapped into looking after the children. It is "nonsense" to think they are better equipped for this role than men. Galbraith speaks archly from long experience. He has been married for 33 years, and his only wife, Kitty, has done most of the child rearing. "But that is as it should be. I am a better writer than she is." He admits, however, that there may be some women whose rightful place is in the home: "Make no mistake, I'm not against those who would rather stay at home to look after their husbands and children. If a woman is content to confine herself to leaping in and out of bed, that is her sovereign right. Also good exercise."

ARCHBISHOP RAMSEY & JIMMY SAVILLE



MEDICINE

Sight Saver

The vitreous humor, the substance that fills two-thirds of the eyeball, is vital to vision. The clear, jelly-like material transmits light while maintaining the pressure that helps hold the retina in place. Hemorrhaging, which occurs often in severe diabetes, can cloud the vitreous and impair vision, and loss of its gel-like consistency can result in detachment of the retina. Both conditions can produce blindness.

Doctors now replace lost or damaged vitreous with either natural material taken from donors, saline solutions, air, silicone or other synthetics. None of those materials is completely satisfactory. The synthetics sometimes trigger toxic reactions that lead to further eye damage, the air is soon absorbed, and transplanted human vitreous may provide only short-term benefits. Now a research team at Cornell University Medical College's Rogosin Laboratories has developed a material that overcomes all these problems. According to Dr. Michael W. Dunn, he and his colleagues are using collagen, a natural body substance, to replace lost or damaged vitreous humor.

Holding the Retina. The choice is logical. A protein that helps to fill the spaces between cells of the body, collagen is already used experimentally to replace skin destroyed by burns. Extracted from animal tissue and further purified, the collagen gel is injected into the damaged eye by hypodermic. Once in place, it acts as both a light-transmitting substance and a source of pressure, filling the eye and holding the retina in place.

Experimentation with the collagen gel has been encouraging. In tests undertaken recently, no subject rejected the purified collagen as a foreign substance. Nor does the collagen liquefy. Instead, it is gradually absorbed as new ocular fluid appears naturally, usually within four weeks. Meanwhile, the gel promotes the return of vision. On one series of patients treated by Dr. Donald M. Shaffer, the collagen gel was administered as

part of a regular surgical procedure to seven people with eye hemorrhages. In three cases, there was a recurrence of the hemorrhaging, and the damage was too severe to be corrected. But four patients who had been blind regained the use of their eyes, one to the point where she was once again able to read.

Breast Cancer and Virus

Of all the diseases to which women are susceptible, few are more devastating than breast cancer. This year alone the disease will affect 70,000 American women and kill 30,000. Doctors who have tried for decades to determine the cause now have strong evidence that a principal villain is a virus. Researchers in the U.S. and India have found high concentrations of virus-like particles in the milk of women with family histories of breast cancer. Equally important, according to an article published in the British scientific journal *Nature*, they have found that these particles are indistinguishable from viruses known to cause cancer in animals.

The findings represent a major medical discovery. They raise the possibility that doctors might one day be able to immunize women against breast cancer. Doctors have known since 1936 that the Bittner virus can cause cancer in laboratory mice; they learned in 1969 that similar particles could also be found in human milk. It was not until early this year that a direct correlation between the virus-like particles and a familial history of human breast cancer was established.

Indian Findings. What provided the clue was a study by Bombay Drs. S.M. Sirsat, J.C. Paymaster and A.B. Vaidya of the Parsis, descendants of the Zoroastrians who fled Persia 1,200 years ago, settled in India and married exclusively within their own sect. Parsi women are three times more likely to develop breast cancers than the rest of the Indian population. Nearly 40% of the Parsi mothers studied showed virus-like particles in their milk.

The prevalence of such particles is hardly unique to the Parsis. In a study undertaken to test the relevance of the Indian team's findings, Biophysicist Dan Moore and his colleagues at the Institute for Medical Research in Camden, N.J., analyzed milk from 166 American women. Of 156 with no family history of breast cancer, only seven (5%) showed evidence of the particles in their milk. But of ten women whose families had a history of the disease, six (60%) were found to harbor large numbers of the particles. Doctors are still reluctant to state flatly that these particles actually cause breast cancers in humans. They have been unable as yet to identify particles in a human tumor. But Moore has found that serum from humans who have had



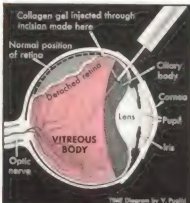
PARSI WOMEN IN INDIA
Indictment of a potent particle.

breast cancer can have a neutralizing effect on the mouse virus when the serum is injected into mice.

Master Molecule. Even more significant evidence of the agent's potential threat has been provided by Drs. Sol Spiegelman and Jeffrey Schlom of Columbia University. They report in *Nature* that a "double blind" study, conducted both in Camden and at Columbia, showed a 100% correlation between particle concentrations and the presence of an enzyme, or chemical catalyst, which is associated with viruses known to cause cancer in animals. The experiment also revealed two startling similarities between the virus-like particles and tumor-causing RNA viruses: both have the same density and both share the ability to reverse the normal order of genetic transmission. Spiegelman's and Schlom's conclusion is crucial. Normally, DNA, the double-helix master molecule, produces RNA, which carries genetic information to the cell (TIME, April 19). But tumor viruses can use their own RNA to produce DNA, which may trigger the cancerous growth that is perpetuated in succeeding cell generations as the affected cell replicates and divides.

The researchers believe their findings indict such particles as a cause of breast cancer, though they are unsure how the agent is transmitted. Mice and rats are known to pass mammary cancer to their young through their milk. No such relationship has yet been found between human nursing and breast cancer. Investigation of that possibility continues.

© So called because the identities of both experimental and control groups are kept secret until after all samples have been analyzed and evaluated.



TIME Diagram by V. Puglisi

Blended Scotch Whisky. 86.6 Proof. Imported by SOMERSET IMPORTERS, LTD., New York, N.Y.

At this point
can you blame someone
for getting a little stingy?



Give what no one has



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five "Never Before" gifts
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The Focused Flash
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Polaroid's new 400 Land cameras have coupled a flash system (Focused Flash) to the focusing system. When your picture is in focus, the flash will provide just the right light for the distance. It's automatic.

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The night got off to a slow start. Then some oil company brass from Dallas came in. I poured three Harper's.

Two guys stopped off before their long ride home. Started to argue about the Long Island Railroad. Finally cooled 'em off with two over ice.

Then the classy-looking advertising lady dropped by with her crowd. Took a table in the corner. They were all business.

In came one of the top Park Avenue psychiatrists. Told me his troubles. Called me "the analyst's analyst."

Harper and soda for a well-known drama critic. Said he couldn't sit through the last act. Somebody's going to get roasted tomorrow.



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For nearly a hundred years, I.W. Harper has been winning medals all over the world—the reason it's known as the Gold Medal Bourbon, the finest Kentucky bourbon you can buy.

Sometimes the bourbon has to be this good.

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THE PRESS

Women Wave Makers

Female journalists last week made waves in politics, courtrooms and White House society:

JUDY JOINS THE NON-GUESTS

Ever since she broke the ban on press coverage by crashing the wedding reception of Julie Nixon and David Eisenhower in 1968, Washington Post Reporter-Columnist Judith Martin, 32, has been on bad terms with the White House. Just how bad became apparent last week when she was barred from covering Tricia Nixon's White House wedding next month. "The First Family," sniffed Mrs. Nixon's staff director, Connie Stuart, "does not feel comfortable with Judith Martin."

A Wellesley graduate with an acerbic tongue and typewriter, Judy has been

legged by a 29-year-old widowed mother of three who is studying journalism there and was on the air only to fill a course requirement.

Rose King apparently exercised no particular journalistic skill in getting the story, and professes surprise at the storm that blew up following her broadcast over KERS-FM. "I really didn't think anybody was listening," she says with a chuckle. "I didn't see the tax return myself, but the story was all over campus. I heard it from several sources, and I was convinced they were reliable."

A Democratic worker, Rose insists she would have used the item regardless of Reagan's political affiliation. Her scoop has brought Rose several feelers for newspaper jobs when she graduates from Sacramento State next year, but it has also put her on the spot. Under

20, went to court seeking a permanent injunction against further police searches. "They wouldn't have raided a major newspaper office," she argued. "Just because we're smaller doesn't mean we should be without the full rights of freedom of the press."

Stanford President Richard Lyman denounced the search of the *Daily* offices as "deplorable." Said Editor Barringer: "We're vulnerable because we're so much closer to the professional reporter to the splits and hatreds on campus. A professional reporter writes his story and goes home. We live constantly in the middle of it."

Opening the Books

Along with the rest of the economy, profits in the publishing industry generally went down last year, but the status of the Washington Post Co.—one of the few major publishers in the field still under full family control—has long been a matter of speculation. Last week an SEC registration for a public stock offering disclosed that the financial story told in the private ledgers of the firm was no different from that in the public reports of other corporations: 1970 was a bad year.

The company, whose holdings include the Washington Post, *Newsweek* and television stations in Miami, Jacksonville and Washington, earned only \$4.9 million after taxes on revenues of \$178 million last year, compared with \$7.7 million on \$169 million a year earlier. The Post did more than its share: it accounted for 44% of the company's revenue last year and 66% of the profit. *Newsweek* and book publishing earned 45% of revenue but only 16% of profit; broadcasting contributed 11% of revenue, 18% of profit.

Cash Drain. In turning to the stock market to raise capital, the Post Co. offered several reasons in its prospectus. It said that the lack of a public market for its stock had inhibited diversification of the investment portfolio of its profit-sharing trust, had complicated the estate planning of the controlling stockholders, and had foreclosed the company from obtaining loans to finance its growth, including a new Post plant in downtown Washington. In the past, the company had assumed an obligation to repurchase the stock it distributed to employees. The prospectus said that "over the past three years such repurchases have, in the aggregate, imposed a substantial cash drain on the Company." The new shares will carry limited voting rights; control will remain firmly in the hands of Post Publisher and Company President Katharine Graham.

* That was a drop of 37%. Time Inc., largest U.S. publisher, had net income of \$20.6 million last year, a 14% decline. The Times Mirror Co. of Los Angeles, second largest, netted \$30.1 million in 1970, off 10% from 1969. Time Inc., like the Post Co., reported improved earnings in the first quarter of 1971, but the Times Mirror was down slightly.



BARRINGER



MARTIN



KING

Three principles that matter.

tough on Tricia in the past, once observing of her little-girl look: "A 24-year-old woman dressed like an ice cream cone can give even neatness and cleanliness a bad name."

Post executives appealed to the White House, got nowhere, and defiantly decided that instead of assigning six reporters to cover the wedding as originally planned, there would be only one: Judy Martin. "I'll get as near as I can and cover as well as I can," says Judy, who has been promised help from friends inside to "keep me informed."

ROSE ROCKS THE BOAT

Ronald Reagan has been telling his California constituents that "taxes should hurt." Now, one of the more intriguing and potentially damaging political stories of the year is that he paid no state income tax at all in 1970 (because of business reverses). Disclosure came through a most unlikely channel: a gossip item broadcast on the student radio station at Sacramento State Col-

lege by a 29-year-old widowed mother of three who is studying journalism there and was on the air only to fill a course requirement. Rose King apparently exercised no particular journalistic skill in getting the story, and professes surprise at the storm that blew up following her broadcast over KERS-FM. "I really didn't think anybody was listening," she says with a chuckle. "I didn't see the tax return myself, but the story was all over campus. I heard it from several sources, and I was convinced they were reliable."

FELICITY FIGHTS BACK

Like many campus newspapers, the *Stanford Daily* has found that covering radical violence and student demonstrations is a thankless trip through no man's land. One *Daily* photographer was threatened by radicals for taking their pictures; two days later he was Maced by police. Recently, Palo Alto police, armed with a warrant, searched the *Daily's* files in a fruitless hunt for pictures of the protesters.

That was too much. With support from press organizations and the university administration, the *Daily's* spunky blonde editor, Felicity Barringer,

RELIGION

An Appeal for Activism

However conservative he may be in matters of traditional doctrine and discipline, Pope Paul VI has always had a warm predilection for social activism. As Archbishop Giovanni Battista Montini of Milan, he initiated a range of programs for the workers and poor of that problem-plagued archdiocese. In his travels as Pope, he has repeatedly made a point of seeking out the sick and impoverished. His remarkable 1967 social encyclical, *Populorum Progressio* (On the Development of Peoples), called on nations to engage in a worldwide program of aggressive social action. Now comes an apostolic letter* in which the Pope addresses his appeal for social reform to the individual Christian, describing personal involvement as a duty.

In acting, the Pope warned, Catholics should eschew both the "dangerous and illusory" appeal of Marxism, as irreconcilable with a Christian concept of man, and the lure of unrestrained liberalism, which exalts the individual beyond social obligations. He called for action, determined at a local level to meet specific situations, to bring about "modern forms of democracy" that combine equality with participation. Though he named no names or specific deeds—except for a favorable reference to worker priests—a source close to him gave some examples of what the Pope had in mind, and they are likely to inflame the existing debate over activism in the church.

The Vatican aide cited approvingly both the U.S. activities of the Berrigan brothers (provided they did not resort to violent methods) and the widespread campaign to improve living conditions for migrant workers. He also pointed to the dedication of Archbishop Helder Pessoa Câmara of Recife to Brazil's poor, and the work of Peruvian Bishop Luis Barbarén, "the slum bishop," who devotes his time to the slum dwellers around Lima. One common denominator of such forthright action is a degree of risk; as Bishop Barbarén found out last week; Peruvian authorities arrested him as an "agitator in a cassock."

New Proletariat. The Pope's message, 66 pages and some 12,000 words long, makes it clear that a considerable degree of commitment is necessary to overcome social ills, which the papal document views as unusually formidable. Grinding urbanization is among the Pope's prime targets. The "inordinate growth" of cities has left men with "a new loneliness in an anonymous crowd.

Instead of favoring fraternal encounter and mutual aid, the city fosters discrimination and indifference. It is the weakest who are victims of dehumanizing living conditions." Cities create a "new proletariat" of the aged, the maladjusted, the handicapped and others on the fringes of society.

Conspicuous consumption is another target. "While very large areas of the population are unable to satisfy their primary needs, superfluous needs are ingeniously created. Is [man] not now becoming the slave of the objects he makes?" Paul also scores the "ill-considered exploitation of nature" that may create "an environment for tomorrow which may well be intolerable." Yet on



POPE PAUL VI IN MANILA SLUM HOME (1970)

The victims are the weakest.

population control he hews to the line he established in *Populorum Progressio*: governments may encourage only those birth control methods that conform to "the moral law" (i.e., rhythm).

One notable theme in the letter, one that some might find ironic coming from the Vatican, is a warning against concentrated masses of power or influence. The Pope attacks huge multinational corporations that can "conduct autonomous strategies largely independent of national political powers." He also warns of another "new power," the communications media. Television, he notes, echoing Marshall McLuhan, has created "an original mode of knowledge and a new civilization; that of the image."

In discussing Christianity's special concern for the poor, the Pope suggests a voluntary redistribution of wealth: "The more fortunate should renounce some of their rights so as to place their goods more generously at the service of others." His one caveat on individual action is a specific warning against violence; he notes the mis-

takes of "certain members of the church who have attempted violent and radical solutions." But his letter is an insistent demand on the Christian conscience for action. He says: "It is not enough to recall principles, state intentions, point to crying injustices and utter prophetic denunciations. These words will lack real weight unless they are accompanied for each individual by a livelier awareness of personal responsibility and by effective action."

Troubadours for God

Some of the women worshipers wore hot pants. Some of the men wore plush velvet jackets. Braless girls leaned languorously against the pews; here and there bright balloons announced that "God Is Love." Then the band, loud and rocking, struck up the entrance hymn: "When the moon is in the seventh house, And Jupiter aligns with Mars . . ." On cue, a blue-gowned vergier cleared the way to the altar for the cross bearer and celebrants of the Mass. *Hair* had come to the solemn, vaulted sanctuary of Manhattan's Episcopal Cathedral of St. John the Divine.

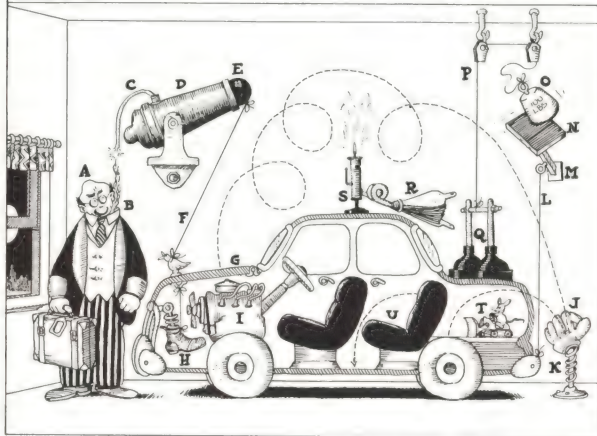
The occasion was the third anniversary of the Broadway opening of the musical that has been run out of Aca-pulco and censored in Munich. Its more controversial scenes of nudity and frank language were notably missing, and the six *Hair* numbers were intended to be only a framework for a Mass in F written by *Hair* Composer Galt MacDermot. Unfortunately, except for a soul-styled *Lord's Prayer* sung by *Hair* Star Delores Hall, the Mass music was overpowered rather than complemented by the *Hair* numbers.

The rest of the occasion was more of a happening than a traditional liturgy. Indeed, though MacDermot had written a *Credo*, it was dropped in deference to non-Christians present. In a brief speech, FCC Commissioner Nicholas Johnson, a Unitarian, dwelt on the fact that the day was both Mother's Day and Buddha's birthday. Harvard Theologian Harvey Cox, in the main sermon, declared that *Hair* was an appropriately Christian blend of "innocence and suffering." One well-dressed family munched on hamburgers, malts and French fries during the Mass. Some worshipers were perturbed by it all, but they, and a lot of others, stayed. The attendance—or box office—at morning High Mass the same day had been about 1,000. For the *Hair* Mass, an estimated 7,000 jammed into the cathedral. Over 2,500 received the Communion bread and wine—including several Jews.

Rejoice Moss. The service was probably the splashiest rock Mass yet offered, but the phenomenon is hardly new; several *Hair* selections are standard favorites in college-campus services. Some critics even see a reverse trend. Music Professor Carl Schalk observed in the *Christian Century* last December that "we are witnessing a decline in interest

* An apostolic letter differs from an encyclical mainly in form: it is addressed not to the church at large but to one person, in this case Maurice Cardinal Roy of Quebec, president of the Vatican's Council of Laity and the Pontifical Commission on Justice and Peace. But it carries roughly the same teaching authority as an encyclical.

HOW TO MAKE A SEDAN BIGGER INSIDE WITHOUT MAKING IT BIGGER OUTSIDE



WHEN MAN (A) DISCOVERS THE LACK OF TRUNK SPACE IN HIS NEW SEDAN, HE GETS HOT UNDER THE COLLAR AND SPARKS (B) IGNITE FUSE (C) SETTING OFF CANNON (D) WHICH SHOOTS OUT CANNONBALL (E) CAUSING STRING (F) TO OPEN FRONT HOOD (G) THUS RELEASING FOOTBALL SHOE (H) WHICH BOOTS OUT ENGINE (I) AND THEREBY CREATES A TRUNK IN FRONT.

ENGINE (I) FLIES END OVER END OVER CAR INTO BASEBALL GLOVE (J) AND REBOUND OF SPRING (K) CAUSES GLOVE (J) TO TOSS ENGINE (I) BACK INTO CAR ABOVE REAR DRIVE WHEELS WHERE ADDED WEIGHT CAUSES STRING (L) TO PULL BRACE (M) FROM BENEATH SHELF (N) DROPPING WEIGHT (O) WHICH IN TURN CAUSES WIRE (P) TO PULL UP GIANT SUCTION CUPS (Q) THEREBY RAISING THE REAR ROOFLINE, SQUARING IT OFF, AND CREATING ADDITIONAL SPACE.

AS REAR ROOFLINE RISES, IT STRIKES BELLOWS (R) AND PRESSURE OF AIR BLOWS WHISTLE (S). TRAINED CIRCUS MOUSE (T) IN TRUNK, HEARING WHISTLE THINKS LUNCH IS OVER AND BULLDOZES HIS WAY TOWARDS FRONT OF CAR. DURING THE PROCESS, HE FLATTENS REAR SEAT (U) AND THEREBY GIVES MAN A'S SEDAN OVER TWICE THE CARRYING SPACE OF ANY OTHER SEDAN.

SHOULD YOU FACE THE SAME PROBLEM, BUT FIND A SHORTAGE OF CIRCUS MICE TRAINED IN THE OPERATION OF BULLDOZERS, ALL IS NOT LOST.

THERE ALREADY EXISTS A SEDAN WITH A FRONT TRUNK, SQUARE BACK, FOLD-DOWN REAR SEAT, AND OVER TWICE THE CARRYING SPACE OF ANY OTHER SEDAN. (ODDLY ENOUGH, IT'S CALLED THE VOLKSWAGEN SQUAREBACK SEDAN.)

SIMPLY SEE CAR DEALER (VW).





NATHAN (LEFT) AS JESUS IN "GOSPELL"
Back where it started.

in liturgical flamboyance . . . Congregations are finding that they can be easily bored with pseudo folk hymns and rock Masses." Others, like Dr. Donald Hustad of Southern Baptist Theological Seminary in Louisville, call it a "real revolution" that is far from over.

For evangelical churches come lately to the genre, that is certainly true. Last weekend, for instance, a number of church-sponsored folk groups, most of them evangelical, gathered in Wilmore, Ky., for a "Christian Folk Festival." There are dozens of other groups traveling the U.S. as troubadours for God. Among them: seven Arizona State University students, led by an Episcopal priest, who visit any church that will have them to perform a rock "Rejoice Mass"; four Roman Catholic Paulist seminarians, billed as the Roamin' Colars, who specialize in giving workshops in liturgical music as well as concerts.

Jazz also persists in many churches, while others are introducing an exotic flavor. Manhattan's St. Patrick's Cathedral recently celebrated a new African Mass, *The Royal Mass of Mogho*, which follows the lead of the Congolese *Missa Luba* in marrying classical liturgy to traditional African music.

WORSHIPERS EXCHANGING PEACE GREETINGS WITH PERFORMERS AT "HAIR" MASS



One church has discovered that a variety of music can attract worshippers. Nine years ago, when it was designated the cathedral for the new Roman Catholic diocese of Oakland, Calif., the inner-city parish of St. Francis de Sales included little more than a commercial section of downtown. But one young curate, Father Don Osuna, has since been wisely encouraged to improve the liturgy. Now, twice each Sunday, the music runs the scale between such unlikely extremes as Gregorian chant and rock. On one recent Sunday, the mixture embraced both Bach's *Air for the G-String* and *Amazing Grace*. On another it included a Haydn trio, Bob Dylan's *The Times*, *They Are A-Changin'* and Luther's *A Mighty Fortress Is Our God*. Worshippers come from all over the Bay Area. The Sunday collection, once a mere \$100, is now up to \$800 a week.

Poignancy of Sacrifice. While commercial music invades the churches, religion is invading the sanctuaries of secular music. The leading example of such Cross-pollination is *Jesus Christ Superstar*, a bestselling album increasingly used as a source for new liturgical music. This week in Manhattan's off-Broadway Cherry Lane Theater, religion takes another step into musical theater with a rambunctious musical called *Godspell*, which suggests what the best of medieval morality plays must have been like. Conceived and directed by Carnegie Tech Drama Student John-Michael Tebelak, written and scored by Carnegie Tech Alumnus Stephen Schwartz, a Jew, and performed mostly by Carnegie Tech drama students, *Godspell* is nothing less than a musical version of St. Matthew's Gospel. Tebelak and company concentrate mostly on Jesus' teachings rather than his Passion, telling the familiar parables with a barrage of comic and burlesque styles. But the players also evoke the poignancy of Jesus' sacrifice. At a benefit performance last week, when Jesus (played by Stephen Nathan) said farewell to his Apostles, many in the audience were weeping. One Roman Catholic, leaving the theater, said that the show was "the best Mass I've been to in years." That, of course, brings theater back where it started, in the temple.



GUARDS, BOSCO, HENRY IN "ANTIGONE"
Test of wills.

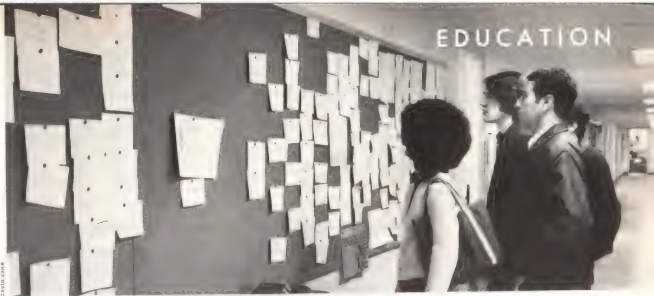
The Mills of the Gods

The sheer tensile strength of a woman's will in Greek tragedy is unparalleled in any other literature. Of 33 extant plays by Aeschylus, Sophocles and Euripides, ten bear the names of women. Among the 39 Shakespearean titles, only three acknowledge women—Juliet, Cleopatra and Cressida—and all three share top billing with men. Sophocles' *Antigone* is a test of wills between a man and a woman, a king and his subject.

Antigone wants only to perform the ritual of burying her dead brother Polynices. But he has died fighting against Thebes, and the city-state's tyrant, Creon, orders that the body lie unburied. Blind as his predecessor Oedipus, Creon unknowingly flouts the gods in his overweening pride. Moreover, Antigone is Oedipus' daughter. In Greek tragedy, the mills of the gods grind from generation to generation. Antigone buries her brother at the cost of her life, and Creon forfeits the lives of his son and his wife to the gods' anger.

The revival at Lincoln Center's Vivian Beaumont Theater is of Olympian stature, the finest work that has ever been done there. In voice and bearing, Philip Bosco's Creon is an image of power and arrogance until he receives his terrible rebuke. Martha Henry's Antigone is a female javelin seeking death and wielding it. The myth may say that Prometheus stole fire and gave it to men. Actually, he gave it to women like Antigone and her formidable sisters, Medea and Electra and Helen.

■ T.E. Kalem



STUDENTS CHECKING OUT JOB PROSPECTS AT COLUMBIA BULLETIN BOARD

Graduates and Jobs: A Grave New World

REMEMBER the college graduate of 1968? Standing there on commencement day with diploma in one hand and a bundle of job offers in the other? Seniors that June scarcely had to look for work. Their main problem seemed to be deciding which corporation offered the best opportunities, or which fellowship led to the most promising future.

Not any more. The recession may be just about over in the marketplace, but its effects linger on the nation's campuses. The largest graduating class in history—an educated army of 816,000—is entering America's certified credential society and learning to its sorrow that a degree is no guarantee of a suitable job. Like the dollar, the diploma seems to have been devalued. At Boston's Northeastern University, a sign in the placement office reads "Grave New World."

The high-ranking seniors of '71—at least from the best colleges—will have no serious trouble finding employment. But they may have to work harder at selling themselves to an employer, the job may not be the one they had hoped for, and the salary may be lower than they like. They will certainly not, as in the past, have jobs conferred upon them. "Normally a placement director is wine and dined by firms wanting to ingratiate themselves with the institution," says Cornell Placement Chief John Munschauer. "This year no one even bought me lunch." Corporate recruiters still visit campuses, but not so frequently or enthusiastically as before. At Princeton, there were 85 recruiters this spring compared to 169 in 1968. The engineering school at the University of Kansas greeted 55 recruiters this semester, down from 255 three years ago. In many cases there was less recruiting because the recruiters themselves had been fired.

The actual job offers told an even grimmer story. A survey of 140 U.S. colleges and universities indicated that between March 1970 and March 1971, job bids for male B.A.s dropped 61%, and a staggering 78% for Ph.D.s. Actual hiring will be down less, probably by 25% at the B.A. level. A possibly incomplete but telling poll of the 944 men who graduated from the letters and sciences division of the University of Wisconsin last year showed that only 174 were working full time; and of that number, only about half had the kind of job they wanted.

Intellectual Proletariat

On campus, the reaction to the dearth of jobs ranges from nonchalance to panic to anger—an anger often directed at the colleges that trained the students to no seeming purpose. Some speak darkly about the creation of a

new "intellectual proletariat" in the U.S. "Just like Ceylon," says Columbia Senior Roy Rosenzweig, a history major, "where 10,000 people went to college and couldn't get jobs." He might have added India, Latin America and Africa. TIME Correspondent Frank Merriker, who recently visited several big Midwestern universities, "was amazed that so many students seemed to be drifting, bewildered by what was happening to them and resentful that no employer seemed to want to hire them."

On the other hand, there are thousands of seniors this year who seemingly could not care less that few corporations sought their talents. The much-heralded New Consciousness of America's youth—including an indifferent attitude toward the Protestant work ethic—has provided many graduates with a cool, wait-and-see attitude toward the future. Some do not want a job at all. Others are much more interested in working toward a career that fulfills rather than pays. In any case, their new values keep them from suffering as much anguish as previous generations would have endured in a similar situation. "In the '50s and early '60s, most students' faith in careerism was nearly as tenacious as their faith in the American dream," says Edward Dreyfus, a counselor at U.C.L.A. "Today, undergraduates tend to view a job as only part of their total person. Their identity is not going to be contingent upon their employment."

Watery Clam Chowder

The seniors who most need the New Consciousness are the B.A.s in the humanities. And they constitute about three-fourths of the graduating class. Says William Balfour, vice chancellor for student affairs at the University of Kansas: "We'll find some of them

Jobs: Dark Clouds Over the Land of Opportunity

Unemployment rates are high for graduates of all colleges and universities. The situation is particularly bleak for those with liberal arts degrees. Many graduates are finding it difficult to secure employment. The following are some of the reasons why:

- 1. The economy is in a recession.
- 2. Many graduates are overqualified for the jobs available.
- 3. The competition is fierce.
- 4. Many graduates are not prepared for the job market.
- 5. The timing of the graduation is poor.

BAD NEWS FROM BOWLING GREEN STATE U.
Who wants a generation of humanists?

behind lunch counters, digging ditches or learning trades." The number of openings in elementary and secondary school is falling off, and companies are interested in specialists not generalists. As a result, liberal arts seniors are the most bewildered of the graduates. According to John Berry, a senior at Wisconsin's Beloit College, "The standard joke is that after you graduate you can either work for Yellow Cab in town or for the security force on campus. My father kept saying that with a B.A. the world was my oyster. I find that it's more like a watery clam chowder." Echoes Steve Utkan of the University of Kansas: "A whole generation of humanists is coming out of school, and who wants them?"

New Militants

Black graduates, at the moment, are proportionately having less trouble than whites. Job offers are down, but by only 10% says the director of a placement service for 60 Negro colleges. More important, though, the opportunities are wider. The proportion of blacks going into teaching has dropped from 80% to 46%, while the number going into business administration is rising as more and more corporations seek to acquire an integrated image. The rare black Ph.D. this year can command a salary \$4,000 or so higher than a white with the same training.

Women, the other new militants, are not faring nearly so well in the slack job market. A few companies have made special efforts to hire them in management jobs, but as one corporation recruiter put it: "Blacks are still on the upswing, but women have slowed down. Prejudice is far more ingrained here than anywhere else on the hiring spectrum." The major problem lies in the fact that there are more and more teachers being trained at a time when the falling birth rate is starting to reduce the elementary-school population. And in their anxiety to find work, more and more men are taking some of the available teaching openings, as well as becoming bank tellers, social workers and telephone operators—all jobs traditionally held by women.

Present Possibilities

Normally, about half of the nation's college graduates go into business, large and small. These days, almost as many go on to graduate study or to schools for law, medicine and the other professions. A much smaller segment of students seek work in Government. Not all the job opportunities are equally promising (see chart, page 52). Herewith, TIME presents its own estimate of present and future career possibilities, based on correspondents' reports, the advice of personnel experts and the new attitudes of the students themselves:

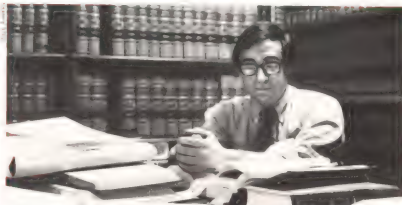
BUSINESS. In the recent recession, large manufacturers were the first to cut back their college recruiting. This year, the businesses that have been hiring the

most students are accounting firms, insurance companies, public utilities and oil. A.T. & T. plans to hire about 3,500 graduates this year; the accounting firm of Peat, Marwick, Mitchell & Co. will take on more than 1,000 for its 105 offices across the country; and the Prudential Insurance Co. will hire 500 (the same number as General Motors). Qualified graduates will find a number of openings in banking, construction, building-materials manufacturing and retailing. The firms that have cut back the most on their student hiring this year

are expected to improve. Melissa Parsons, 23, a 1970 engineering graduate of Stanford, has begun the kind of career that others may eventually follow. She is a member of an "environmental systems group" that does regional planning for the Bechtel Corp., one of the nation's leading design-construction firms. She finds no incongruity between her sex and her job. "Girls make very good engineers," she insists. "There is no manual labor, and they can keep ideas straight."

Girls, as many companies have dis-

The New Careerists



PUBLIC INTEREST LAWYER TOM MEITES



ENGINEER MELISSA PARSONS



PROMOTER STEVEN REECE

are electronics, chemicals, drugs and of course aerospace, where the only new opportunity these days, it is said, lies in becoming a sky marshal.

Despite all the talk about the environment, the ecology movement has produced comparatively few new kinds of jobs in either business or Government, although there are some openings for engineers working in water or heat pollution and the like. However, the situ-

ation is expected to improve. Melissa Parsons, 23, a 1970 engineering graduate of Stanford, has begun the kind of career that others may eventually follow. She is a member of an "environmental systems group" that does regional planning for the Bechtel Corp., one of the nation's leading design-construction firms. She finds no incongruity between her sex and her job. "Girls make very good engineers," she insists. "There is no manual labor, and they can keep ideas straight."

Girls, as many companies have dis-

Despite the job shortage, many of this year's applicants for corporate jobs are very independent, both in their styles of clothing and dress and their attitudes toward companies. They are not afraid to inquire about a prospective employer's stance on pollution, civil rights and open housing. They are also not keen about make-work jobs. "You just can't get by these days with putting a graduate design engineer on the drawing boards and having him put threads on bolts for two years," says one recruiter for a major chemical firm. Other

work hard to counter young people's antipathy toward business. "The problem is more widespread than industry thinks," Eberle adds, however, that "many students are still going for the fast buck today. They tell me, 'First I'll make it, then I'll do the socially conscious thing.'"

There is a nationwide decline of from 5% to 15% in applications to graduate schools of business. And there is a New Consciousness among the students now enrolled. Many business graduates are either forsaking large corporations

only three Harvard M.B.A.s went into business for themselves directly upon graduation; this year, 25 plan to take the plunge, and some are turning down high salaries to do it. One self-starting venture is the new Cambridge, Mass., "Autatorium"—an electronics-equipped auto-repair garage founded by three 1971 M.B.A.s, one of whom is planning to further his education by taking a night course in mechanics. The Autatorium is part of the rapidly growing service industry, which also includes amusements, hotels and a multitude of other enterprises.

Not only the button-down accounting major becomes an entrepreneur these days. "Business? Like wow! Most of my friends are in business," explains one barefoot boy in bell-bottoms and beads, referring to the lucrative new counterculture enterprises that constitute what is sometimes known as Hip Capitalism. Hundreds of erstwhile flower children have become proprietors of record stores, organic-food shops, restaurants and boutiques. One recent graduate of Xavier University, Steven Reece, 23, of Cincinnati, has become the manager of nine pop artists, including his wife, Barbara Howard, for whom he has booked appearances on the Mike Douglas and David Frost shows. Reece also gives free advice to black high school kids eager to become performers.

GRADUATE SCHOOL. This year applications to graduate schools are up slightly over 1970 totals, despite the fact that it is now clear that the long climb up the ladder to the Ph.D. no longer guarantees secure footing at the top. Economic recovery will provide some new jobs for these specialists, but not enough of them. Says New York University Chancellor Ailan Carter: "We have created a graduate-education and research establishment in American universities that is about 30% to 50% larger than we shall effectively use in the 1970s and early 1980s."

This impressive but top-heavy creation is primarily due to Sputnik, which blasted off when the class of 1971 was in second grade. Thanks to the threat of Soviet dominance in science and technology, the nation's doctorate programs were vastly expanded. In 1957, about 9,000 Ph.D.s in all fields were granted in the U.S. This spring there will be more than 30,000, and unless the machinery slows down, 60,000 will be turned out annually by 1980.

All this may provide an admirable addition to the sum total of human knowledge and much personal satisfaction as well. But as far as jobs go, big numbers spell big trouble. Industrial and Government research work has been drastically cut back, and colleges and universities simply cannot begin to accommodate the new Ph.D.s; or even the old ones for that matter. The Co-operative College Registry in Washington, D.C., a placement service for teachers, receives ten applications for



PARAMEDIC JOAN CARVAJAL



SILVERSMITH ROSS COPPELMAN



STAINED-GLASS ARTIST HENRY ADAMS & FIANCÉE ANN JENSEN

businessmen agree that industry must invent challenging, decision-making jobs for its bright young recruits. "And we must give young executives time off to become involved in the church, politics and social causes—and back them," says William D. Eberle, board chairman of American Standard. Because of the economic slump, it may be easier to hire top ranking students today, Eberle notes, but he believes that companies must

for smaller firms, where there is more freedom of movement, or going into business for themselves. Five years ago,

* Rather like Cary Grant in the 1938 movie *Holden*, who explained to his future father-in-law: "It's always been my idea to make a few thousand early in the game if I could, and then quit for as long as they last and try to find out who I am and what I am and what goes on and what about it—now, while I'm young."

every available job. Some sociologists and anthropologists are still wanted by universities, but teachers of languages, English, history (except black history), the sciences and math are particularly hard hit. In chemistry there are 819 Ph.D.s listed for 23 job vacancies.

Some of these specialists are trying for teaching jobs in the new, expanding community colleges and even high schools. The principal of the high school in Dayton, Texas (pop. 3,000), has hired Clement Lam, a Ph.D. from Ohio University, to teach the school's only physics course and math. Lam was one of 15 Ph.D.s who applied for the job. However, the long-range prospect for Ph.D.s in science is not so bleak. If substantial

Says one law school administrator: "This college generation is perceptive enough to realize that the law is where the action is."

A surprising number of students have switched from engineering or science to law. Ray Herman, 24, who entered the University of Chicago Law School shortly after getting his M.S. in physics, explains that "The public men who are making the important decisions today are all lawyers." According to Joe Tom Easley, this year's managing editor of the *Texas Law Review*, every new law class enters with "a higher percentage of students bent on combining law with social change." Two years ago, Easley was the only member of his class to spend the summer working with

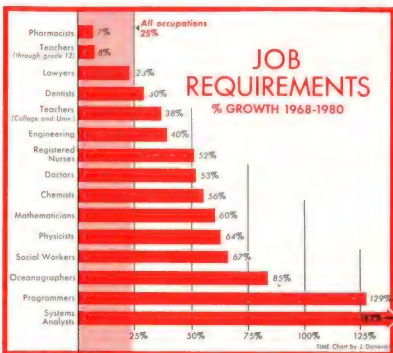
MEDICINE. The nation's medical schools are also being besieged by a record number of applications from college seniors, as well as Ph.D. candidates switching from science or engineering. Harvard and the University of Southern California could more than fill next year's class with doctorate applicants. As in law, the proportion of blacks in the next freshman class is on the rise (from 2.8% in 1969 to 6%), and women will constitute 11% of the prospective doctors.

The record number of applicants also means a record number of rejections. The medical schools have only 11,800 openings for more than 26,000 applicants—and at least half of this year's rejects were qualified to enter. Ironically, pockets of the country are faced with a serious doctor shortage, and U.S. hospitals are relying on a foreign "brain gain" to get by: non-Americans now hold about a fourth of the nation's internships and residencies.

All forecasts show a vast need for more trained people in the field of health. Dr. Roger Egeberg, former Assistant Secretary of HEW, estimates that the country needs 50,000 more doctors, 150,000 medical technicians and 200,000 more nurses. Some of the newer specialties are thoracic surgery, neurological surgery, physical and medical rehabilitation, and preventive medicine. One new field that bridges two disciplines is biomedical engineering, developing such devices as the pacemaker for the heart. Several programs have been devised to train "paramedics," physicians' assistants who can take over some of the doctors' more routine tasks. One of them is Mrs. Joan Carvajal, 29, of Greeley, Colo., who recently graduated from the University of Colorado medical school's new nurse-practitioner program. She does examinations and preliminary diagnoses for two pediatricians and makes hospital visits to instruct new mothers. "Nurses are asking for more responsibility," she says.

As in law, there seems to be a new altruistic spirit among the candidates for medical school. Admission committees, which used to be skeptical of would-be doctors who "pulled an Arrowsmith"—talked about their dedication to humanity—are now getting used to the phenomenon. Says Dr. David Torney of the University of Vermont medical school: "The contrast between the senior class and the far more liberal freshman class is almost a generation gap within the student society itself." Many of the new students are interested in going into public health rather than into lucrative private practice.

Dr. Matthew Dumont of the Massachusetts department of mental health sees everywhere a "new face of professionalism" turned toward social change. "Physicians, lawyers, ministers, city planners, architects, educators, engineers are emerging from the universities," he says, "with the sophisticated and critical perspective on their roles in society that John Dewey saw as the



funds were devoted to environmental improvement, for example, it would provide work for many of the technicians formerly employed in aerospace. Even now, Ph.D.s in civil and mechanical engineering are not having the trouble that the aerospace and electronics men are having.

LAW. Although many recent graduates have had trouble finding jobs, applications to some law schools have doubled this year. "1971 is going to be the roughest year ever for a kid to get into law school," says Charles Consalus, director of the Law School Admissions Test. This year more than 100,000 students are applying for the 35,000 places available. The increased popularity of law is partly due to the drying up of the Ph.D. market. Mostly, though, it reflects students' concern for social change and the means of bringing it about.

Nader's Raiders in Washington: last summer, a dozen did so.

In the past few years, many Wall Street firms have allowed their lawyers to do *pro bono publico* work on company time. Even so, many of the more socially conscious young attorneys are joining the Office of Economic Opportunity's Legal Services Program or working for "public interest" law firms. One such lawyer is Tom Meites (Harvard Law '69), who is a counsel for a group of concerned Chicagoans called Businessmen for the Public Interest. In that capacity, he and two colleagues have presented major courtroom challenges to unfair legislation, like the Illinois law that allows a landlord to win a judgment against a tenant without first notifying him. Meites chose public-interest law, he says, because he "couldn't bother with the conventional lawyer's willingness to take either side."

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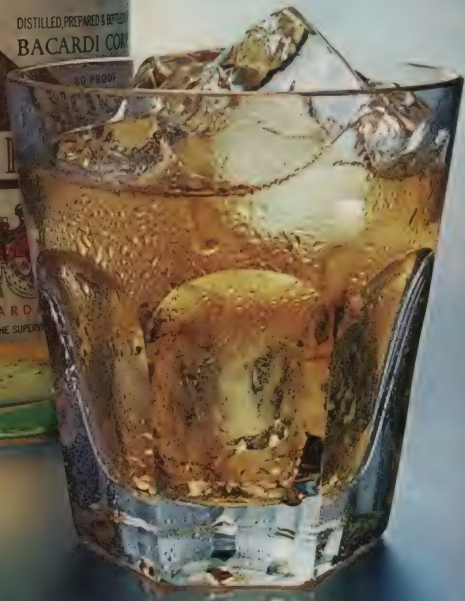


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true function of education. The remarkable thing is that at a time of overwhelming technical sophistication, expertise and hyperspecialization, professionals are discovering a common purpose—the well-being of people.”

GOVERNMENT. This year the Civil service exam, covering everything from postal clerks to narcotics agents to explosive inspectors, was given to 112,000 students, or 65% more than last year. But only about 10,000 will be hired, roughly 2,500 more than in 1970. Many students would draw the line at working for the Defense Department or the Internal Revenue Service, but are eager to participate in educational-reform programs or get a start in the environmental sciences. Law enforcement and safety are two fields with good job prospects.

One oddly embarrassing surprise to some of the professional people who approach the Government for a job is discovering how well they will be paid. Federal workers have had ten raises since 1962. Attorneys, chemists and engineers in Civil Service Grade 15 now make from \$24,251 to \$31,523—figures that were arrived at by averaging the salaries of comparable professionals in the business world. They have job security and pensions as well. State and local government pay scales are lower, but the problems and the jobs can be challenging. For example, business school graduates hired by Los Angeles County have learned to their surprise that a department head in the county government has about the same budget, personnel and purchasing problems as a department head at General Motors.

“ALTERNATIVE” JOBS. Many members of the class of '71 either do not want a “real” job right away, or do not want one that will lead to a conventional career. This is especially true of men facing the draft—about one of every four graduates this year. Those with low lottery numbers have spent most of their extracurricular time and energy trying to figure out whether to go quietly, join the National Guard, become C.O.s, develop ulcers, cut off a finger, go to prison, go to Canada or just freak out. Careers are not their immediate concern.

But thousands of others who are relatively safe from the draft also seem reluctant to commit themselves to a vocation. Of the 1,139 students in Harvard's class of '67, '90 declared themselves “undecided” about their career plans; of this year's 1,100 or so, there are at least 250 in that limbo. Last year the placement director at Beloit wrote to every junior, suggesting that they chat with him about how to prepare a résumé to get a job. “I didn't get one response,” he says. “Vocational planning to them is anathema, an Establishment sort of thing to do. These kids just don't want to start immediately on a nine-to-five job.”

Many students will therefore treat themselves to *Wanderjahre*, living frugally



HARVARD M.B.A.'S AT CAMBRIDGE, MASS., AUTOTUTORIUM
Into a self-starting venture.

gally on handouts from home or picking up odd jobs. Or they may join communes, which are a practical way for unsettled idealists to live on next to nothing. Others, while still in college, will try to line up what are usually called “alternative” jobs, meaning jobs that suit the new alternative life-style. In some college placement offices there are folders containing information about how the kids can get into dome building, blacksmithing, pipefitting or free-school teaching. At Oberlin, there is even an “alternatives” office, staffed by ten volunteer students, and several other colleges and universities have appointed “alternative vocations placement counselors.” A graduate divinity student named Robert J. Ginn Jr. has the job at Harvard; he estimates that perhaps a fourth of this year's senior class are seriously considering going into some alternative vocation.

One of them is Henry Adams, the great-grandnephew of the author of *Mont-Saint-Michel and Chartres*. Instead of writing about stained glass, the most recent Adams to graduate from Harvard intends to go into the craft itself, making skylights and glass sections for geodesic domes.* Ross Coppelman, a Harvard '70 English major, is making a variable but decent enough living as a silversmith on Cape Cod, while a 1970 Wisconsin graduate in anthropology is quietly living on a New York State farm, making harpsichords for sale. The income from a career in the crafts may be uncertain, but it is not necessarily low. Blacksmiths can make more than \$10,000 a year, and according to one careful computation, a toolmaker today can net more in his lifetime than a judge. It is not, of course, the pay that attracts youth to the crafts; it is a chance to be autonomous and to have time “to look inside themselves,” as one explains it.

* It was John Adams, great-grandfather of the author, who wrote in 1780: “I must study politics and war, that my sons may have liberty to study mathematics and philosophy . . . in order to give their children a right to study painting, poetry, music, architecture, statuary, tapestry and porcelain.” He did not forecast the next curriculum.

Alternative careers also include jobs (mostly low paying) with a basic commitment to service or to social change. At Duke, alternatives placement is primarily involved in informing students about such organizations as VISTA, the Peace Corps and the Teacher Corps (which still attract about 15,000 people of all ages annually and are being melded into one organization called the Action Corps), and the Office of Economic Opportunity. At Michigan State University, which runs the nation's biggest college placement operation, all 1,200 copies of each issue of its *Vocations for Social Change* newsletter are eagerly snapped up. It advertises openings for such jobs as organizers to work with sugar-cane laborers in Louisiana (\$70 a week) and a female counselor at Washington, D.C.'s Runaway House (\$50 a week plus rent). There was also one offer last fall from a retired accountant in Far Rockaway, N.Y., who wanted to finance two “real drop-outs” in starting a combination school and commune.

Circulation of Elites

The trend raises some serious questions about the future of the U.S. economy and indeed U.S. society: what will happen if millions of youths turn against the material rewards and the competitiveness that have motivated so much American progress? For the present, alternative careers appeal primarily to upper- and middle-class students, who tend to take affluence for granted. Children from blue-collar backgrounds, often the first in their families to go to college, are more often satisfied with conventional jobs; moreover, they need them. This circumstance has led Sociologists Peter and Brigitte Berger to suggest that if what Charles Reich calls “the greening of America” goes on apace, it may shade into a “bluing of America.”

If middle-class youth drop out from the pursuit of influence and affluence, the children of the blue-collar workers may become the new professional

* From left: Matthew Augustine, Richard Brinson, Joe Gano.

class. "Should Yale become hopelessly 'greened,' Wall Street will get used to recruits from Fordham or Wichita State," say the Bergers. To a limited extent, this "circulation of elites" has already begun. This is due, however, not only to America's greening, but also to a conscious effort by Establishment institutions to open more doors. This year, for example, medical schools have accepted a more representative cross section of applicants than ever before.

Disturbing Dislocation

English majors pumping gas. Would-be engineers on assembly lines. Prospective social workers on welfare. For hundreds, perhaps even thousands of the class of '71, this disturbing dislocation may soon be reality—for a time anyway. The lagging pace of the recovery from last year's recession is only partly to blame. Just as the U.S. has begun to consider the possibility of slowing down its economic growth, so it may also have to think about scaling down its educational system, or at least changing its direction.

A number of radical education experts argue that the U.S. has become an overtrained society, producing too many specialists for too few jobs. Every year, more and more people enter colleges or universities; in fact, the number of American students currently exceeds the entire population of Switzerland. Yet 80% of all jobs available in the U.S. are within the capabilities of those with high school diplomas. "Even in periods of continued economic growth," says a recent report of the Commission on Human Resources and Advanced Education, "more than a fourth of the college graduates would be available to upgrade the educational level of occupations." What this means, in plain English, is that even without a recession, 25% of all graduates will be working at jobs for which a college education is not needed at all.

Dirty Work Movement

Whatever the faults of the U.S. educational system, it also has its glories. It made possible the miracles of modern technology and trained the scientists who sent man to the moon. For more students than any other nation can claim, it has provided the true Aristotelian education—"an ornament in prosperity and a refuge in adversity." But the system seems out of kilter with reality. What can be done about it? Colleges and students must realize that education is something entirely apart from insurance for a status job. This is par-

ticularly true of the liberal arts, which in their proper perspective are intended to instill wisdom and discernment, rather than specific knowledge that can later be traded in for a paycheck. Says Kansas Vice Chancellor Balfour: "Many people are at the university for the wrong reasons—because it gives them a different image than if they were to become mechanics or carpenters."

Balfour also maintains, "We've got to make ordinary work more respectable." In the current issue of *Social Policy*, M.I.T.'s Herbert J. Gans contemplates very ordinary work indeed. He presents a whimsical scenario for a Dirty Work Movement, which raises the pay of toilet cleaners and other menial laborers to \$20 an hour, creating a new economic elite. As a result, everyone wants to go into dirty work, and the

employment—21,741 different jobs are described in the latest U.S. *Dictionary of Occupational Titles*, and 82 million are working at them. But it is hard to fit man to title. As a purely practical matter, college students would be well advised to study the Labor Department's biennial *Occupational Outlook Handbook*, the mainstay of any careers counselor. It points out, for example, that the elementary-teaching field threatens to become overcrowded, but the outlook is better for teachers of the handicapped and of children in both urban ghettos and rural districts. It also describes other kinds of work like oceanography, which will be used to explore sea mines, to prevent pollution and damage caused by waves and tides, and to improve methods of getting food from the oceans.

On a broader level, there should be better effort made to coordinate information about where jobs are available. Concerned with the high youth unemployment rate (about 17%), this spring's White House Conference on Youth proposed commissioning an agency like NASA to develop a huge computerized network of job information. Guidance counselors in schools and colleges, who have wandered far afield (some even giving students therapy), should also quite literally get back to work. "The decline in demand for teachers started five years ago," complains a senior at Northeastern. "Someone should have warned us." There are already new efforts along this line, and some school systems, trying to do their utmost, are proudly announcing vocational guidance even in their kindergartens.

Channeling the Intake

In a fierce satire on the post-industrial society called *Towards Helhaven*, philosopher-Critic Kenneth Burke proposed a Government lottery of two-year-olds to decide which of them will be unemployed when they grow up. Those who are selected will not have to bother with school at all. Satire aside, a plausible case can be made that the Government should try to predict the future manpower needs for every occupation, and then channel the intake into universities, discipline by discipline. This kind of massive educational planning is done to various extents in Communist countries, as well as in Sweden and France.

To a nation as committed to freedom of choice as the U.S., the very idea seems repellent. Yet what the U.S. now has may be even worse: economic manipulation of the manpower market without adequate long-range planning. The buildup of the scientists and engineers after Sputnik was accomplished at considerable public expense with grants to students and universities from dozens of Government agencies. The carrot, not the stick, filled the graduate schools with young scientists—and then to their dismay and confusion, the carrot was withdrawn.

There are other considerations as well.



VISTA VOLUNTEER (RIGHT) & DANCE STUDENTS
From the greening to the blueing of America.

D.W.M. sets up educational prerequisites and a licensing system to keep out clean workers. Hippies even start wearing white shirts to express their sympathies for the new underclass.

President Nixon has tried to dignify menial work by exhortations. Although his choice of examples may have been unfortunate, he had a valid point when speaking about the job needs of those on welfare. He argued that there is as much dignity in scrubbing floors and emptying bedpans "as there is in any other work to be done in this country, including my own." Equally to the point was former HEW Secretary John Gardner's comment that "an excellent plumber is infinitely more admirable than an incompetent philosopher." Disconcerting though it may be to parents who have heavily invested in their children's educations, many of this year's graduates who are heading for alternative vocations may be on the right track.

The U.S. is still hugely productive and has an enormous potential for em-



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The costs to the nation for graduate education are now enormously greater than undergraduate costs. Might it not be advisable to prune the specialist superstructure and use the money to expand community colleges? Would not clearer priorities dictate improving urban public schools?

It is widely assumed that more education leads to greater productivity. Not necessarily. In *Education and Jobs: The Great Training Robbery*, Sociologist Ivar Berg studied the performance of workers in the light of their education and concluded that schooling often leads to less productivity in work, not more. Nonetheless, rampant diplomaism continues to be a national disease. Business and Government alike insist upon unnecessary credentials on the part of job applicants. This not only creates a new caste of unemployables—the luckless but qualified people who lack the right degree—but it tends to confuse the real mission of education.

Career Courses First

While employers could do much to counter the tyranny of diplomaism, colleges and universities could do even more to refine their own goals and purposes. One of the most cogent proposals for an academic rethinking of the relationship between school and work was recently made by a task force on higher education headed by Frank Newman, Stanford's associate director of university relations. Among other things, it recommended that women should be able to take career courses first, so that they can work at least part time during their child-rearing years and return later for their liberal arts studies. All students in fact ought to be encouraged to enter and leave college according to their needs. When suitable, classes should be conducted by practitioners outstanding in their jobs and not just by professional teachers. There should also be many more internships, apprenticeships and work-study programs. "Kids don't know what they want to do," said one father, "because they've never done anything."

They do know, however, what they don't want—schooling that does not seem to fit their ambitions, their careers, their goals. Among the first protesters were the intelligent students who became dropouts, turned off by the meaninglessness of much they had been exposed to. At first, few academics listened to their complaints, but they pay heed now. It is shocking but nonetheless true that the majority of those who enter college never graduate. Many of them may drop out for the wrong reasons, out of impatience or self-indulgence. But so massive a disaffection—so large a gap between classroom and job, schooling and life—cannot be met merely with the old incantations about hard work and discipline. Education in the U.S. has been called its secular religion: from all signs it is ripe for a reformation.



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MODERN LIVING

And Now, Pop Wines

Wine lovers have long cultivated their own peculiar vocabulary. A vintage can be "flinty," "robust" or even "amusingly presumptuous." Never, however, has a wine been discussed in terms of its lemon, lime or coconut flavor. Never, that is, until now. Flavored "pop" wines have arrived and are showing up on liquor-store shelves in ever-increasing numbers and varieties.

The names of the new favorites are in themselves enough to give any true wine lover the pips: Zapple and Boone's Farm (both apple wines), Bali Hai and Key Largo (orange, papaya and other

fruit extracts), Spañada (grape), three different blends that are jointly named I Love You ("I" tastes like lemon-time, "Love" is fruity and "You" has a cola flavor), Ripple (grape wine and tropical fruits) and Annie Greensprings (a grape rosé). The biggest sellers seem to be Boone's Farm, Bali Hai, Spañada and Ripple: exact figures are being withheld by the manufacturers, who profess to be uninterested in publicity.

Beyond the fact that they do not taste like real wine, pop wines have much in common: they are cheap at about \$1 a bottle, and their alcohol content is a minimal 11% or so. Another advantage: they add a pleasant extra dimension to the effects of pot.

Alcoholic Pop. Pot smokers alone cannot account for the phenomenal rise in pop-wine sales, which are now roughly estimated at \$75 million a year. Despite the bonanza, there are still purists among the vintners. "I don't approve of these wines," says Sig Langstadter, wine buyer for Sandburg Super Mart in Chicago. "I don't think they should be considered wines. They're just soft drinks with alcohol."

Pop-wine aficionados have an answer for such snobbery: flavored wines have been around for a long time. Spaniards favor sangria, made of red wine and fruit juices; French and Italian sweet vermouths are simply flavored wines; Greeks add resin to wine to produce retsina. Indeed, products like Thunderbird (a citrus-flavored wine that is 18% alcohol) have been on U.S. shelves for more than a decade. These cheap, more potent brands should continue to sell, mostly to the Skid Row set, despite the pop-wine invasion. What would a serious wine want, after all, with a low-alcohol tippie called Annie Greensprings?

Under the Bubble-Top

THE biggest news in umbrellas since Mary Poppins sailed away with hers is the bubble-top. Made of transparent vinyl that bottles the wearer in his own waterproof demijar, the new models have taken the country by storm; and for storms, there is nothing like them. The body may not be fully sheltered, but head and shoulders stay totally dry. People can see where they are going, or who is coming at them. Women can make it home from the beauty parlor without losing their curls to the wind and damp. Only drawbacks: sharing is impossible (not enough room) and smoking both a foggy business (not enough air) and an incendiary one.

The umbrellas come with a variety of names: Storm-Belle, Birdcage, Dome and Giant are some of them. All of them are selling out (at \$8 and \$9). At Bloomingdale's department store in Manhattan, 200 bubble-tops went in just one cloudy morning last week. It was almost a let-down when the sun came out.



Museum Fashions

Cleopatra got decked out in a rug, and Scarlett O'Hara, fresh out of frills, went to town in Tara's velvet draperies. Contemporary women can now be almost as enterprising. They can pick from Designer Jenny Bell Whyte's new collection of "Museum Pieces," which gives proof that some of the best fashion around has for years been underfoot, on walls and over windows.

Not just any walls and windows, of course. Jenny Bell's long skirts, coats and dresses are made from venerable fabrics. Most of them—18th century Russian Orthodox deacons' vestments, Oriental silk wall hangings, early American quilts—were rescued from museum basements or bargained for at antique auctions. They were cleaned, reworked, cut and designed for contemporary use.

The idea for museum fashions occurred to Jenny Bell in January when she heard that the Brooklyn Museum was having a housecleaning and went to have a look. She returned home



DEACON'S BROCADE ROBE
Rescued from museum basements.

with a 56-year-old embroidered Egyptian silk scarf and an 81-year-old American patchwork quilt. With scissors, thread and a bit of black velvet trimming for the quilt, two handsome evening skirts emerged. A few more finds and Jenny Bell had enough to sell to Saks Fifth Avenue. Mindful of her 13 successful years as a Seventh Avenue designer, Saks bought the lot at first sight. Displayed in the store's windows last month, the first collection (priced from \$95 to \$200) sold so well that Saks asked for more.

Wrinkles and Wisps. The new series of Museum Pieces, due for sale at Saks by the end of May, took even more scouring. One piece, an 1860 Chinese silk wall hanging from Boston's Isabella Stewart Gardner Museum, commemorates the 50th anniversary of a noble marriage; the figures are complete with embroidered wrinkles and fine wisps of hair. Jenny Bell bucked the hanging with two layers of silk and cut it into two skirts (about \$700 each).

The most prized finds were a group of ornately embroidered bishops' robes made of brocade, suede and velvet, bought from the Lavrosky Museum in Kiev, U.S.S.R. "I was ready to put scissors to the material immediately," Jenny Bell says, "when I was told they were consecrated. I called the Russian Orthodox Church to have them deconsecrated because I thought people might feel a little strange wearing them." To play it safe with both God and woman, she has agreed to hand over her favorite piece, an 18th century black brocade deacon's robe, to Manhattan's Ukrainian Institute. Explains Jenny Bell, "I gave away my prize piece for absolution."

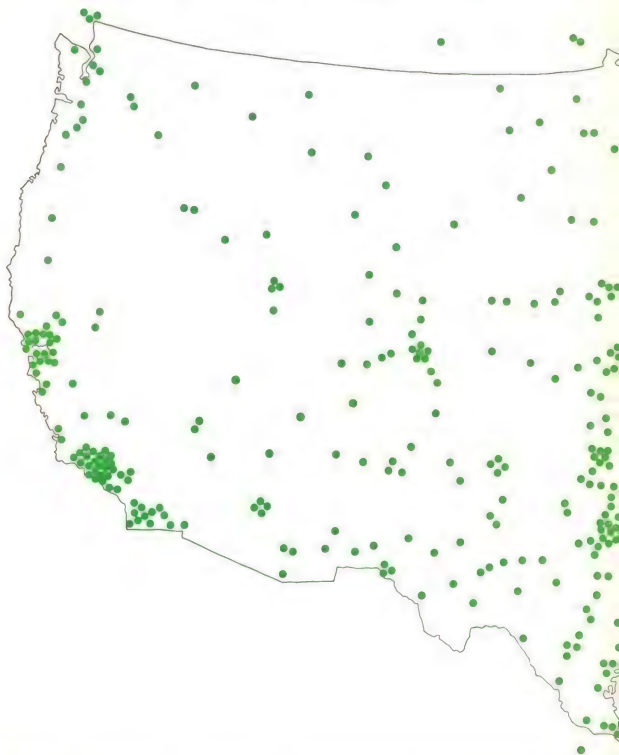
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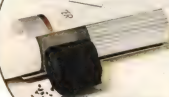
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SHOW BUSINESS

Big Cat with Big Cats

Most stage directors know that controlling a cast of actors requires a combination of affection and whip cracking. To Animal Trainer Gunther Gebel-Williams, the gaudy star of the Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey Circus, the right mixture of toughness and tenderness means more than professional success; it means physical survival.

Gebel-Williams' ability to communicate with animals has made him reputedly the highest-paid performer in the circus world and, to the circus management, their most valuable box office draw. His life is insured for \$2,000,000, though few who see him urging tigers to leap aboard elephants would care to have money hanging on his longevity. For Gebel-Williams it is pure joy. "When I get together with my tigers, all my worries vanish," he says.

Like many circusmen, Gebel-Williams grew up under the big top. Adopted by the owners of Germany's Circus Williams, he became general manager and star of the company in 1951. He married his stepsister, Jeannette Williams, divorced her and remarried in 1967. His skill with tigers extends to his handling of women: both the ex and the current wife work in his act, one in the center ring, the other in a side one. "They're both happy now," he says. "But I have

to walk very carefully between them."

He selects his tigers just as carefully. He buys them young, prefers that they be jungle-born; those born in captivity, he says, usually undergo enough rough handling to sour their dispositions. His tigers are taught through food reward, praise and tone of voice: "It's not important what you say to them. It's the tone and the way it's said. I call them by name, speak in a certain voice, and they know what I mean. They each have a different personality."

The Real King. After the young animals have learned to trust him, Gebel-Williams teaches them to leap by dangling meat on the end of a stick. A fine leap earns a bravo, a poor one stern-voiced disapproval. (In performances, lazy tigers get a swift kick on their bottoms, good ones may be rewarded with an embrace and a kiss.) "The greatest danger," says Gebel-Williams, "is that they will kill each other." When a fight starts, he wades in and breaks it up with a blow to the snout.

Like all teachers, he has some problem students, but he blames himself for the collection of scars on his hands and arms. "Once I had a sick tiger," he recalls, "and crawled into his cage to push him over so the doctor could give him a shot of penicillin. He wasn't as sick as I thought. When I rolled him over, he hit my hand. I had to punch him in the nose to make him let go. I went to the hospital instead of him."

The climax of Gebel-Williams' act comes when his favorite Bengal tiger leaps onto the back of an elephant. The trainer follows, scrambling up the elephant, straddling the tiger and saluting the audience like a manic, peroxide Tarzan. It took two years for him to teach elephant and tiger to cooperate. He had them sleep close together. Later, he took them for walks. Even now, the elephant wears thick padding on his neck during the stunt: Gebel-Williams has been unable to squelch the tiger's instinct to gnaw a hole into the neck of his "victim."

Gebel-Williams puts more faith in tigers than elephants, which are, he says, more unpredictable. Lions? He sneers at them and does not use them. He says: "The lion is not the king of the jungle. He makes a big show but runs away. The tiger is the real king. When a tiger attacks, he means it."



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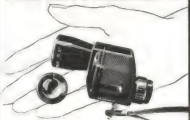
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ART

Secret Choice

A ritual air of sanctioned duplicity at times surrounds auctions where the stakes loom high. Ostensibly, two big art dealers bid against each other until the hammer falls. In all probability, each represents a major museum or collector who has secretly commissioned the dealer to bid for them. The theory is that if the true bidders were known the price would skyrocket. When the game is played out, the art world is left to guess who actually bought the piece.

Thus it was with Velázquez's portrait of his mulatto assistant, Juan de Pareja, which brought \$5,544,000 at Christie's last November—the highest price

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART



VELÁZQUEZ'S JUAN DE PAREJA
A triumph of duplicity.

ever paid for a work of art at public auction. The winning bid belonged to Wildenstein & Co., and young Alec Wildenstein explained at the time, with a straight face, that the family gallery had bought it because his great-grandfather had been in love with it and left instructions to snap it up if it ever came on the market. But last week the Metropolitan Museum of Art announced proudly that the Velázquez was theirs, admitting Wildenstein had bid on it by arrangement with them. Met Director Thomas Hoving explained that the bulk of the money came from a fund set up back in 1917 by Isaac Fletcher, industrialist-banker, who stipulated that it should be used only for purchases.

In the five and a half months that the picture has been out of sight, hidden away in a back room of Wildenstein's Manhattan gallery, the Met's chief restorer, Hubert von Sonnenburg, has wrought some minor miracles. He cleaned off the aging varnish, discovering a new richness of skin tones, transforming Juan's lace collar to a blazing white, and revealing the background as

a rich orchestration of grays rather than the rather dim greenish cast it had had. More important, he found that a 14 in. margin at the top and one of 24 in. at the right side had been folded under for framing purposes some time in the 19th century. With the canvas restored to its original size, the figure occupies the space with new authority and commanding ease.

Hoving was frankly ecstatic, declaring the portrait "one of the half-dozen most important single acquisitions" in the museum's history. Said he: "When you have a combination of a great master at the full height of his powers, painting a subject he obviously deeply understands and enjoys, that has by luck come down 322 years in pristine condition, you have something that is really extraordinarily special."

Exquisite Minimalist

No movement, no gesture, no direction. No mass (only gleaming metal surfaces and transparencies of color perspex). No pedestal: the box on the floor is the sculpture. No metaphor, no image, and especially no relation or reference to the human figure.

Described in terms of what it is not, Don Judd's sculpture must inevitably sound cold and vacuous—a Pandora's box of absences. But Judd, at 42, is possibly the most influential sculptor of his generation. His austere and intensely deliberate art has proved a disinfectant, sluicing away the organic waste that tended in the early '60s to encumber current ideas about sculpture in the U.S. and abroad. His work is now being celebrated at the Pasadena Art Museum by an exhibition of his boxes, stacks and progression pieces organized by *Artforum's* new editor, John Coplans. Since this museum is a regrettable hybrid of cruise-ship lounge and California bathroom, the event is not altogether harmonious, and the relationship that Judd's pieces seek with the walls and floor around them is blocked. Nevertheless it is a good opportunity to experience the work of a man who, in the eight years since his first show at the Greene Gallery in New York City, has in Coplans' words, contrived to "rejuvenate the medium radically."

Failed Assumption. The simpler art looks, the more esoteric it seems to get. Probably this happens because we expect a work of art to be a rich creek of ideas and visual transactions, and if the box on the floor seems nothing of the sort we assume that its complexities have merely veiled themselves, rather than gone. A great many works of second-rate minimalist art—complacently irreducible objects set up with a phony air of discovery, didactic in look but teaching nothing—have benefited from this assumption. But Judd is one of those reductive talents who operate on

a stringent level of quality and intelligence. His output constitutes a kind of critical meditation on what is and what is not intrinsic to sculpture. The lucidity of his argument is what makes his work so influential.

Thus his wooden pieces eight years ago, like *Untitled*, 1963 (see color page), were abstract, which was nothing new—but their kind of abstraction was. It was peculiarly inert and casual looking. This, it became clear, was because Judd has no interest in "composition"—the play between major and minor elements in a work of art, tuned into equilibrium. This elimination of hierarchies had never been tried in sculpture before, though it was very much a feature of advanced New York painting in the early '60s—the striped patterns of early Stella, the symmetrical chevrons of Noland. So it seemed that Judd

S. CHERMAN



SCULPTOR DON JUDD
A challenge to equilibrium.

had contrived to declare in sculpture one of the basic attitudes of that mode of painting: its flatly declarative, unmodified, take-it-or-leave-it quality.

The most dramatic instance of Judd's rejection of hierarchy—and it is hard to remember how radical it was, since every art student does it now—was his decision to get rid of the pedestal or base on which sculpture traditionally stood, and put the things straight on the floor or the wall. This amounted to a declaration that sculpture was not imagery, but simply another thing in a world of things.

Judd's work looks remote, but it is intended to be the very opposite—concretely present. A box is a box is a box, and Judd makes the point explicit by placing a series of identical boxes in a row, without variation, on the gallery floor. "The thing about my work," says Judd, "is that it is given." Each sculpture is determined in advance—there is no sense that it has grown under the artist's hand: in fact all his work for the past few years has been fabricated by his designs in a factory.

Ruthless and pointless as this may



DON IUDD'S UNTITLED PIECES: painted wood, 1963 (above); galvanized iron, 1970 (below).



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seem, Judd's work is a consistent answer to a difficult question: What kind of order belongs to sculpture and to nothing else? More organic sculpture alludes to orders that are not its own, thus the bumps and hollows and textures of a Henry Moore suggest the processes by which wood grows or rocks are formed. Judd's work treads the thin, difficult edge of embodying and demonstrating an order without alluding to it. Hence its abstractness, its relative unpopularity and the challenging effect it has had on younger artists.

The curious thing is that, as the show in Pasadena makes clear, Judd's work is a good deal less cold and unenjoyable than its philosophy suggests. His use of materials is instinctively exquisite. A piece like *Untitled*, 1970 (see color page) seems bald at first—a run of identical flat sheets of galvanized iron, each 5 ft. by 4 ft., along the gallery wall. Then you notice the silvery flakes and washes caused by the galvanizing bath, rising through the darker metal and catching the light like mica, and that sense of program and frigidity goes. Says Judd: "There is a lot more variety in my work than is casually apparent." As indeed there is: for Judd's interrogation of sculpture has trimmed, but not excluded, its sensual beauty.

■ Robert Hughes

MILESTONES

Born. To Herbert Khaury (alias Tiny Tim), fortyish falsetto singer, and Victoria May ("Miss Vicki") Khaury, 19: their first child, a daughter; in Manhattan. Name: Tulip Victoria.

Morried. Mick Jagger, 27, lead singer of the Rolling Stones; and Bianca Perez Morena de Macias, 26, daughter of a Nicaraguan diplomat; both for the first time; in Saint-Tropez, France.

Died. Sir Tyrone Guthrie, 70, theatrical producer, director and playwright; in Newbliss, Ireland. At 6 ft. 5 in., a towering figure physically as well as artistically, Sir Tyrone began his long affiliation with the Old Vic in 1933. Later he helped launch the Shakespeare Festival in Stratford, Ont., and the Tyrone Guthrie Theater in Minneapolis. He was an innovator who occasionally armed the hard's soldiers with machine guns and once staged *Troilus and Cressida* as an Edwardian piece, replacing Greeks with Prussians. Though he also directed Broadway hits, Sir Tyrone castigated the Great White Way as "a murderous, vulgar jungle."

Died. Sean Lemass, 71, Prime Minister of the Irish Republic from 1959 to 1966; in Dublin. The protégé of Eamon de Valera, Lemass graduated to Parliament from the crucible of the Black and Tan conflict. At 16 he holed up with Irish Republican Army soldiers in Dublin's General Post Office during the Easter Rebellion of 1916. Fifteen rebels were shot and thousands deported after British shells ended the uprising, but Lemass was released. According to Dublin legend, "the cops gave him a kick in the arse and told him to go home to his Mom." He went underground instead. When De Valera's Fianna Fail Party assumed power in 1932, Lemass became the youngest member of the Cabinet. As Prime Minister he tore away at the economic aspects of what he called the Green Curtain—the high tariffs and low level of industrialization that had impeded Ireland's development.

Died. Virginia O'Hanlon Douglas, 81, who at the age of eight inspired one of the most durable editorials in history: in *Valatie*, N.Y. In 1897, she wrote to the *New York Sun* with a Yuletide question. The answer was Francis P. Church's editorial: "Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus. Alas! How dreary would be the world if there were no Santa Claus! It would be as dreary as if there were no Virginias." Mrs. Douglas, who had a daughter, seven grandchildren and nine great-grandchildren, served as a teacher and principal in New York City's public schools. Frequently called upon to read Church's reply around Christmas, she once remarked, "I am anonymous from January to November."

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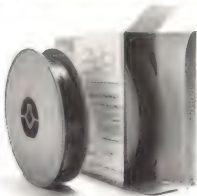
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MUSIC

Opera Mundi

Four years ago, the BBC found it no easy job getting Benjamin Britten to accept a commission for a TV opera. He was still unhappy about the 1952 NAC Opera production of his *Billy Budd*, and remained skeptical about the compatibility of TV and opera. But accept Britten did, and began looking for a story that would show individuals reacting to each other and events of a "personal, private kind, rather than big and public, which a big stage obviously needs."

In Henry James' short story *Owen Wingrave*, he found what he was looking for. On the surface it is a preposterous tale about the scion of a military family who rejects a soldiering career on principle, finds himself re-

A fine cast of acting singers, headed by Janet Baker, Peter Pears, Sylvia Fisher and Benjamin Luxon in the title role, could not quite breathe passionate life into dialogue that often consisted of abstract arguments for war or peace. Britten, moreover, chose not to set to music the one scene that might have brought the story to a dramatic focus—a furious confrontation in which Owen is first berated then disinherited by his old-warrior grandfather.

Despite its faults, *Owen Wingrave* is a stimulating example of how technology, tape and the small screen may someday acquire a highly useful role in opera. A switch to slow motion, with an accompanying abrupt shift from color to monochrome, helps evoke real horror as the legend is retold of how a young ancestor



OWEN WINGRAVE'S SYLVIA FISHER, JANET BAKER, PETER PEARS, BENJAMIN LUXON

More like Bali than Victorian England.

jected by his family, and finally meets a mysterious death in a haunted room. But *Owen Wingrave*'s opportunities for face-to-face confrontation seemed virtually limitless. Beyond that, it offered themes that have preoccupied Britten in much of his work: innocence betrayed, antimilitarism, the struggle of the individual against the group.

Snares and Trumpets. The result, a two-act, two-hour TV opera, was broadcast jointly last weekend by the BBC and America's NET. As it turned out, *Owen Wingrave* was something less than Britten's best. Though carefully modulated for the home listener, the vocal writing showed little warmth or melodic appeal. The score, for a busy 46-piece orchestra, with snares and trumpets to underline the military motif and bright, chiming, exotic percussive passages more suggestive of Bali than Victorian England, rarely conveyed resonances of gothic mystery.

of Owen's was killed by his father for refusing to fight a friend. Limitations of time and space virtually dissolve as the camera crosscuts between—or juxtaposes on a split screen—characters who are in fact separated by days and miles. This enabled Britten to compose duos and other ensembles that would have been impossible on the stage. Time and again, with closeups and soft focuses that blurred out other actors, he added visual detail to characterizations without the customary operatic formality of bringing singers to stage center for old-fashioned recitative and aria.

Most of today's leading composers lament the current state of opera. Most opera managers return the favor, justly abhorring the quality of the operas usually produced by today's leading composers. As a way out of this impasse, Pierre Boulez, the aging *enfant terrible* of French music, once suggested blowing up all the old opera houses and starting anew. Britten's *Owen Wingrave* at least suggests that less draconian musical measures are possible.

■ William Bender

Freaky Fresco of Hell

Back in the middle '60s, Bob Dylan was the king of popular music, a figure to whom even the Beatles and the Rolling Stones paid due and reverential homage. Many of Dylan's partisans even suggested that he might be the best young poet in the country. His lyrics combined paranoia, pop art and elusive, often violent imagery into a carefully crafted chaos that sounded a bit like Rimbaud writing rock and roll.

Then Dylan racked himself up on a motorcycle and went into that famous retreat for almost two years. When he reappeared his life was less troubled, his music quieter and more benign. When some friends from the folk music magazine *Sing Out!* managed to sit him down for a talk in 1968, they asked him, among other things, about a book he was said to have written, called *Tarantula*. "It wasn't a book," Dylan replied. "It was just a nuisance. It didn't have any structure at all." The book got to the page-proof stage, and then was abandoned after the accident, presumably because it represented a part of Dylan's life that he was actively trying to forget.

Dead End. Dylan fans wouldn't let him. For the past year or so, photocopies of *Tarantula*'s galleys have been sold throughout the rock underground. Dylan, 29, perhaps reasoning that he might just as well share in some of the profits from his own work, finally allowed the book to be launched officially (Macmillan; \$3.95). The result is neither novel nor poem, but a series of free-association images that succeed, at best, in creating a freaky fresco of hell. The book has the feel and sound of such nightmare Dylan lyrics as *Desolation Row* and *Memphis Blues Again*. It is peopled by meth freaks, lumberjacks, a man called Simply That, and a vaporous presence named Aetha with "religious thighs" and "no goals" who is described as "one step soft of heaven." A large supporting cast includes "Mrs. Cunk," who sells "fake blisters at the World's Fair," Cardinal Spellman, Sherlock Holmes and Shirley Temple. The pages are liberally sprinkled with obscure metaphors and allusions to E.E. Cummings, Robert Frost, Shakespeare and Rabelais, scraps of song lyrics, even a self-composed epitaph: "here lies bob dylan demolished by Vienna politeness . . . bob dylan—killed by a discarded Oedipus."

Moments of effective, surrealistic satire (there is a fine description, for instance, of a man whose house is entirely covered by advertising posters) do not keep *Tarantula* from being a despairing dead end. In perspective, the book—already a bestseller—should stand less as aesthetic achievement than as a record of a painful time in an artist's life that fortunately has passed. When Bob Dylan wrote *Tarantula*, he was 23 years old.

■ Jay Coock

▲ A literary pun. "Owen" in old Scottish means "young soldier," so that James' title suggests "young soldier who wins his grave."



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BUSINESS

Trying to Avoid an Unwanted Strike

AMERICA'S steel industry long projected an image of an imperious colossus balancing the rest of the economy on its brawny shoulders. It was the basic industry, pouring out the prime ingredient for countless products from can openers to skyscrapers. Steelmakers' decisions on prices were often handed down like baronial decrees, infuriating customers and successive U.S. Presidents. Today the steel industry is a troubled giant, no longer smugly certain of its stellar role. Its management has lagged in adapting new technology to help curb flyaway costs and prices. Competitors from abroad and from other industries, including plastics and aluminum, are buzz-sawing into its markets.

The steel industry's managers will be bringing all these problems with them this week to the labyrinthine Sheraton-Park Hotel in Washington, D.C. There they will enter the economy's most significant labor-management bargaining session of the year: negotiations with an implacably determined United Steelworkers union. The present contract, covering 350,000 workers, expires July 31. A long strike after that could gravely hurt the industry, the nation's economy, and President Nixon's chances of renewing his lease on the White House in 1972.

Union President I.W. Abel, 62, a practiced and canny negotiator, says that he cannot offer his membership anything less than the package that his union wrested in mid-March from the can industry. That settlement included an increase in wages and benefits amounting to about 31% over three years, plus an escalator clause tied to the cost of living. R. Heath Larry, 57, U.S. Steel's vice chairman, who heads management's bargaining team, has indicated that a 31% wage boost is too high. The most tenacious sticking point, however, will be the cost of living provision; in the 116-day strike of 1959, the union accepted limitations on the C.O.L. clause and has regretted it ever since. Dilution of the clause is one of the managers' few triumphs in the past 30 years, and they will be most grudging about restoring it whole. Says one top steel executive: "It's practically in the Bible. You never give back what you have already taken away."

Larry will be sitting in the chief negotiator's seat for the first time. The outcome of the talks could well be shaped by how well Larry and his relatively untested team relate to the union chiefs. Steelmen remember that management's

bargaining team in 1959 was also unseasoned, and its failure to reach a rapport with union men was a prime cause of the 116-day strike that year.

A steel strike seems probable, but it is by no means inevitable. The apparently rigid positions on both sides are part of the bargaining ritual that enables labor and management to play their righteous, hard-nosed roles down to the deadline, even though a settlement might be reached weeks or even months earlier. Already, many executives believe that any settlement will approximate the can-industry package. Some top union officials are saying privately that they do

not think that there will be a walkout. After three weeks of examining the issues with both sides, TIME Chicago Bureau Chief Champ Clark reports: "I would place the odds of a steel strike at even money. If there is a strike, it will last less than six weeks."

The most hopeful fact is that leaders on the two sides genuinely want to avoid a strike. The union's strike fund is only \$32 million, or less than \$100 per steelworker. Asks one veteran union official: "How long do you think that fund is going to last in a national strike? About a week!" A threatening factor is that 70% of the union's members

are younger men who have never known the rigors of a rough strike. The steelworkers are also convinced that they have been left behind in the race for higher wages and are determined to catch up now. Still, excluding fringe benefits, steelworkers earn an average of \$4.25 an hour, making them the third highest paid workers among the 22 major manufacturing industries.

One of Abel's trickiest tasks will be restraining the more volatile bravos within his constituency. Some of them are demanding that the contract restriction on local strikes be

scrapped. This would mean that workers at individual plants could walk out over local issues at any time. Abel, who opposes the demand, remembers how that system worked when he was a young steelworker: "We had 39 strikes in my plant in one year. It was strike, strike, and no pay, no pay, no pay."

Washington, Stay Home. Both sides want the Government to take a less active role than usual in their negotiations. The Council of Economic Advisers' "inflation alert" last month, which specifically mentioned steel and called for a declining wage trend, angered the ordinarily cool Abel. Steelmakers, far from rejoicing at the admonition, reasoned that it could only antagonize labor and make their negotiations tougher. Says one company bargainer: "I wish to God that the White House would stay out of this one and give us a chance, just once, to negotiate among ourselves."

The steelmen are also at odds with the Government over pricing. Since the start of the Nixon Administration, steel prices have risen by an annual average of 6.7% v. 1.7% during the last three jawboning years of Lyndon Johnson's term. Since January, the industry has raised its prices on most types of steel. The intervention of the White House earlier this year forced Bethlehem Steel



LARRY

ABEL



to halve its announced 12% price boost on structural steel, an increase that would have set an industry-wide precedent. Now the companies' chiefs say that they will need still another round of price hikes this year to pay for the cost of a labor settlement. The Administration, worried about inflation, has threatened to counter such a move by relaxing restraints on imports. In the pukka confines of Pittsburgh's Duquesne Club, angry steelmen now call President Nixon on what President John Kennedy once called them.

Cutting the Dividends. It will take more than grumbling at the club to lift the steel industry out of its trough. Prices for raw materials have risen sharply since 1968: nickel and coal have gone up 40%. Steel's earnings amount to only 5% of stockholders' equity—dead last in a field of 22 top manufacturing industries. Most companies have cut their dividends by one-third this year. Even so, the salaries of top steel executives are often huge. U.S. Steel Chairman Edwin H. Gott, for example, last year collected a salary of \$300,000.

Cut-rate foreign competitors have been chewing into the industry's markets. European and Japanese steelmakers often have more modern mills than American producers, partly because they built from scratch after the war.* Labor costs abroad are also sharply below those in the U.S. (see chart, page 77). After gaining a toehold in the American market during the 1959 strike, imports began to pile in, reaching a total in 1968 of 18 million tons, or about 17% of the U.S. market. The Government negotiated a "voluntary" quota, limiting imports to 14 million tons for 1969 and setting a maximum 5% annual increase for the next two years. Since then, the foreigners have increased the percentage of stainless steel, tool steel and other high-priced products in their shipments. U.S. producers of other materials are also pushing into steel's markets. Using an index with 1959 equalling 100, the output of steel last year was about the same as it was in 1965, but the production of aluminum shapes climbed by 28% and plastics by 62%.

In a belated drive to catch up with the competition, the industry in the past five years has poured \$11 billion into modernizing and expanding its facilities. U.S. Steel, Bethlehem, Armco, National and other firms spent many millions on automated hot strip mills, continuous slab-casting machines, and oxygen furnaces. Though productivity among workers actually engaged in making steel improved for a time, there were no comparable economies among other employees. Overall, productivity increased only .7% from 1965 to 1970. Worse, be-

cause of shrinking markets, not all the costly new capacity can be used.

Though some of the causes of steel's plight were beyond the control of its management, many of the ills are traceable to the industry's refusal to diversify more rapidly into richer fields. In the past two years, some firms have shifted into new fields and scrapped unprofitable product lines. National Steel has entered the aluminum business, Armco has acquired interests in insurance and equipment leasing, and Inland Steel has bought into plastics, computer software and mobile homes. What the industry needs for long-term health is even faster and greater diversification. For now, what it wants is Washington's approval of steady price rises, a tighter Government rein on imports and a moderate wage settlement. The chances that it will get all of those are indeed slim.



CARTOON IN "FRANCE-SOIR"

MONEY Alternatives to Economic Nationalism

The lesson of the worst postwar money crisis is that the non-Communist world is running out of time in which to repair its financial system. The speculative explosion that tore through the banks and bourses two weeks ago demonstrated that permitting the system to lurch from one upheaval to another is no longer a workable policy. The world's financial and political leaders have two choices. They can unite on basic updating and reform of the rules that have promoted the free exchange of goods, tourists and money across national borders. Or they can retreat to competing nationalistic policies. Almost surely, the latter course would take the world a long step back toward the prewar days of spreading trade barriers, tight investment restrictions, currency controls and general economic isolationism.

Last week, the immediate crisis was not so much overcome as temporarily alleviated by a mélange of stopgap measures. After a round of emergency meetings, climaxed by a 20-hour marathon session of Common Market finance ministers in Brussels, European governments were unable to unite on the most urgent question: how to revise the exchange rates of currencies that were plainly undervalued. As an alternative to joint action, the dollar values of five important currencies were changed in three different ways.

Back-Door Devaluation. The West German mark and Dutch guilder were allowed to float—find their own value in free trading. By week's end the mark had floated up 3.7%, to 28.3¢, and the guilder had risen 2.2%, to 28.2¢. Two other currencies were formally revalued: the Swiss franc went up 7%, to 24.4¢, and the Austrian schilling 5%, to 4.04¢. Belgium adopted a perplexing two-price system for its franc, maintaining the old value of 2.01¢ on export-import dealings and letting the rate float on investment and loan transactions; at week's end the free rate had risen to 2.04¢. Since all five currencies are now worth more in U.S. money, the moves added up to a partial, back-door devaluation of the dollar.

A nervous, confused quiet returned to the exchange markets. Treasurers of multinational corporations and money speculators began searching for other currencies that might rise in value. They started buying the Japanese yen, the world's most obviously undervalued money, which is likely to rise within several months. The speculation was mild only because Japan tightly controls the exchange of yen, leaving little available for purchase abroad. The price of gold, the traditional refuge for savers who distrust paper money, jumped in London to a 21-month high of \$41.50 an ounce.

Groping Toward Reform. There were disquieting signs that the crisis had intensified pressures for a revival of economic nationalism and protectionism. In Tokyo, several Japanese bankers complacently observed that the yen's relative immunity from speculative storms proved the value of strict exchange controls. In West Germany, businessmen were howling for more protection against imports. A rising price for the mark hurts the Germans' competitive position because it tends to increase the price of their goods in export markets and lower the price of imports. Said Kurt Hansen, chairman of the Bayer chemical giant: "You can be sure that we will be very tough in our tariff negotiations." U.S. Budget Boss George Shultz echoed the same thought. In all future trade negotiations, he said, the U.S. will be "a much tougher bargainer."

There were also confused gropings toward more constructive international action. Not much is likely to be accomplished until the September general meeting of the 117-nation International Monetary Fund in Washington, but

* Speaking of another industry, Henry Ford II lamented last week that the inflow of Japanese cars "is only just starting." He said that he did not know how Detroit could meet the foreign competition. Added Ford: "Wait until the Japs get into Middle America."



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industrialists, moneymen and academic economists will be busy all summer debating reform proposals to be brought up then. Some of the most needed steps:

CONTROLS WILL HAVE TO BE PLACED ON THE EURODOLLAR MARKET. The \$50 billion pool of Eurodollars has provided a needed currency for international investment, but it has also financed money speculation. At the height of this month's crisis, financiers were recklessly borrowing Eurodollars to exchange into any currency that they thought might rise in value. Raymond Barre, a vice president of the Common Market, has proposed that the six member nations join in regulating Eurodollar interest rates and setting restrictions on the size and purpose of Eurodollar loans to companies in the Common Market. Ideally, such controls should be applied by an international body representing more countries than the Six.

CURRENCY EXCHANGE RATES WILL HAVE TO BE MADE MORE FLEXIBLE. Under IMF rules, every country must try to keep the trading price of its currency within 1% of its official value in dollars. But a 1% variation is too small to allow currency values to reflect differing national rates of inflation, economic growth and interest costs. IMF governors last week in effect allowed West Germany and The Netherlands to break the rules by floating the mark and guilder. The governors also debated granting broad permission to member nations to allow greater fluctuations in currency prices. France and Japan blocked the proposal, but it is sure to come up again because growing numbers of European financiers favor permitting at least a 3% up or down fluctuation. The IMF could also profitably adopt the idea of the "crawling peg"—small but regular increases or decreases in the official values of the currencies as financial conditions change.

THE U.S. WILL HAVE TO SHRINK ITS BALANCE OF PAYMENTS DEFICIT. The U.S. really brought on this month's crisis by pumping out a flood of dollars around the world. The oversupply fanned doubts about the dollar's value and started a stampede into other currencies. Europeans no longer trust Washington's promises to get its balance of payments in order. French Economist Jacques Rueff noted sarcastically last week that a succession of U.S. Treasury Secretaries have pledged to wind down the deficit within two years. Impatient with words, European nations now appear to be trying to force action by using their surplus dollars to buy gold from the U.S. Treasury. So far this month, France, The Netherlands and Belgium have bought \$422 million of gold from the U.S. The nation's gold stock has slipped below \$11 billion—which would buy back little more than half the dollars that now repose in West Germany alone.

Some automatic factors will help reduce the dollar drain soon. Inflation is

subsiding in the U.S. but growing in Europe and Japan. That trend and last week's currency changes should increase U.S. exports and hold down imports by making the prices of American goods look more attractive than before. Any lasting improvement in the balance of payments is unlikely until the U.S. finds ways of sharpening its competitive strength by checking the American wage spiral and spurring research and development (instead of stifling it in some areas). For financial as well as other reasons, the U.S. needs to trim its military and political commitments around the world. But any such cutback will oblige Europe and Japan to do more to defend themselves and aid the underdeveloped world.

Each of the needed steps will require a high degree of international cooperation. This will be painful for foreign nations that have jealously guarded their power to fix official values for their currencies, and for U.S. officials who have argued that Washington can manage the domestic economy and design its foreign policies without worrying too much about the effects on the international monetary system. All countries, however, have an interest in preserving a reasonably free and highly flexible system of converting one currency into another, and thus increasing the global circulation of goods, funds and travelers. That interest should override narrow nationalism.

INDUSTRY

The Rising Wages of Fear

One tie that binds urban Americans is that most of them have had their homes broken into—or know someone who has. Burglaries rank first among all U.S. crimes, and fewer than a third of them are ever solved. Fed up with being victimized, apprehensive homeowners and apartment dwellers are re-

placing the welcome mat with an arresting array of security devices and services. Unwanted visitors now run the risk of being temporarily blinded by intense lights, deafened by screaming alarms, stung by electric fences or sprayed with tear gas. For the fledgling industry that supplies this security, the wages of fear are handsome. Sales in the home-protection market climbed from \$5,000,000 in 1966 to \$20 million last year, and are destined to rise at least as fast as the crime rate.

Howling Horns. Thousands of manufacturers have pried their way into the beat-the-burglar business. 3M Co., for example, sells a lock containing a small alarm that wails at the touch of a burglar's pick. Pinkerton's is promoting a \$449 microwave unit called Minuteman II that rings like a fire siren when anything breaks its circuit. Sears, Roebuck's \$99.50 Deluxe Ultrasonic Intruder Alarm blinks on lamps and sets off a shrieking noise if tripped; for a few dollars more a companion attachment outside the house will add a howling horn to the cacophony. Advertisements for security products often play on the public's fears of the prowly world of burglars, narcotics addicts and psychotics. Alarmtronics Engineering of Newton, Mass., claims in its ads that its earsplitting electronic screamer "overcomes intruders with a compelling psychological desire to flee area."

Unwilling to trust gadgetry alone, more and more people are signing up



GUARD DOG PRACTICING ATTACK
Results are sometimes alarming.



GENUINE HOLMES DECAL

with a growing number of home-protection services. The leader in the field is Westinghouse Electric, which sells its services in 29 cities. For a fee of between \$700 and \$2,000, plus \$50 to \$200 annually for maintenance, clients get an alarm system that is linked electronically to a Westinghouse monitoring station. If the alarm rings, the security officer at the station calls the police.

Home-security firms usually affix seals on the windows or doors of their clients' homes to warn would-be prowlers. Householders unable to afford central-station service can buy security

MORE AND MORE AMERICANS ARE BEING DRIVEN TO THIS CONCLUSION.

In New York, 73,000 cars were abandoned last year.

In Chicago, people are running away from their cars at the rate of one every seven minutes.

The City of Los Angeles removes 1400 abandoned cars from the streets every month.

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Volvos are built to last. We can't guarantee exactly how long, but we do know Volvos are driven an average of eleven years in Sweden before people give up on them.

Of course there are still more cars being abandoned in America than there are Volvos being sold.

We're doing well, but at the rate they're going we'll never catch them.



seals. "Scare off a burglar" urges an ad for stickers for a nonexistent Federal Detection Alarm System. Price: 40 for \$5. More sophisticated hucksters covertly peddle reasonable facsimiles of the decals of reputable firms, including Holmes Electric Protective Co. The takes cost \$100 or more.

Super Sensors. All electronic detection systems have certain similarities. The detecting devices, called sensors, come in many shapes and sizes and generally emit one of three kinds of waves: ultrasonic, light and microwave. When anything disturbs the waves given out by the sensors, the circuit is broken and the alarm is tripped. The sensors can be placed anywhere: in an electric socket, on a tabletop, at a window sill, under a door mat, and even in special wires of a flyscreen.

Annoying problems are built into some systems. Ultrasonic units are so sensitive that they can be triggered by starting up an air conditioner. A common and controversial antiburglar device is the "automatic dialer" system, which is rigged to a telephone. It works this way: 1) the homeowner activates the system by pushing a button whenever he leaves his house; 2) if a burglar opens a door or window or in any other way breaks the alarm circuit, the system automatically dials the police, and 3) a prerecorded tape then cries for help. One trouble is that there are too many false alarms. The automatic dialers were banned in Los Angeles and Philadelphia after police complained that they were ineffective.

Going to the Dogs. Rather than cope with the cost and complications of these advanced systems, most people rely on a daunting array of door locks—as many as five on a door in Manhattan luxury apartments. Even the best lock is not pick-proof. Says Robert J. McDermott, a leading security expert who is a Holmes vice president: "A dedicated guy can get into Fort Knox. But if you have a good lock on your door, he will probably go down the hall to the next apartment."

To prevent picking, the locks are becoming miniversions of those on bank vaults. C & S Security Devices of Olathe, Kans., has brought out a lock that is equipped with a pushbutton panel like that on a telephone. The lock opens only when the right combination of numbers is pushed—and there are twelve buttons for a prowler to scratch his head over. Eaton Corp.'s new Ident-Link, which looks like a tiny mail slot, operates on electronic impulses. The lock, which costs about \$100, is opened by inserting in its slot a binary-coded circuit shaped like a collar stay. A lock produced by Gargard Corp. of Plymouth Meeting, Pa., spits a stream of tear gas when tampered with. Many experts say that the best lock for the price is the particularly pick-resistant Medeco Cylinder, made by Mechanical Development Co. of Salem, Va. It is easily installed in any standard local frame, sells for \$20 and is opened by a snaggle-toothed key.

Many families are taking a renewed interest in one of the oldest forms of protection: guard dogs trained to attack savagely. Price: \$550 to \$1,500. Unfortunately, the beasts sometimes attack members of the family or bite innocent strangers. Manhattan's Leisure Data Inc. has developed a briskly selling item that gives many of the benefits and few of the problems of a guard dog. For \$2.50, it offers a 20-minute tape recording of a dog barking, snapping and growling, certain to give pause to the bravest burglar. The tape can be played on a recorder, or attached to an alarm system in place of a siren. Company officers maintain that the record has a satisfying tone of viciousness, the result of a carefully concocted and highly secret recipe of dog sounds, including a base of German shepherd and just a soupçon of weimaraner.

dition to buying directly from a manufacturer, the Chinese may consider picking up secondhand 727s or 707s from Western airlines.

A number of enterprising U.S. midlevelmen, some of whom operate out of Texas, have been in touch with Peking about arranging sales of 727s. Jetliners and other high-technology products are still on a list of goods forbidden by the U.S. Government for export to China. But a new list—now being drafted jointly by the Departments of State, Defense, Treasury, Commerce and Agriculture—is expected to be more permissive.

China is presently making do with a superannuated collection of 198 Russian and British propeller and turboprop planes. It recently bought four used British Trident jets from Pakistan, but crews to fly them are still in training. The main-



CHINESE AIRLINER IN RANGOON

And seaplanes from the Flying Dragon Machine Works.

EAST-WEST TRADE

The Wings of Mao

From the first volley of Peking's Ping Pong diplomacy, rumors began rebounding that the Chinese wanted to buy American-made jets for their state airline. Last week a senior Nixon Administration official confirmed that Peking is "interested" in acquiring 50 to 60 medium-range Boeing 727s. Boeing executives say that they have not been in contact with the Chinese but would be receptive to any inquiry. They could certainly use the extra sales.

Western intelligence analysts reckon that China is about to embark on a major expansion of domestic—and eventually international—air service. Soviet and British (Hawker Siddeley) sales teams are already in Peking offering attractive credit terms on medium-range jets; the French are also said to be in the running. Mao's wingmen will no doubt play one competitor off against another to get the best deal. In ad-

land's own aircraft industry is unequipped to make commercial jets. Production is limited to a small number of helicopters and single-engine, ten-passenger biplanes at the State Aircraft Factory in Mukden, and a few four-passenger seaplanes at the Flying Dragon Machine Works in Shanghai.

The state airline, Wang Sou-Tai, stitches major Chinese cities together with infrequent service, but offers only four international flights a week. China's only other air links to the outside world are a once-a-week Air France flight from Shanghai to Paris, Pakistan International's two flights a week from Karachi to Shanghai and Canton, and scheduled Aeroflot service between Moscow and Peking. Two U.S. airlines—American and United ("Fly the Friendly Skies . . .")—have recently applied to the U.S. Civil Aeronautics Board for permission to serve China. Three others—Pan Am, TWA and Northwest—have long had CAB approval, but still face the Chinese red light.

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BOMBING IN EL COMANDANTE SECTION

TOURISM

Clouds over Puerto Rico

Only a couple of years ago, Puerto Ricans could afford a sunny air of self-satisfaction. Businesses lured by tax benefits and tourists attracted year round by the cool sea and warm weather caused the island's economy to flower brightly. Now Puerto Rico is clouded by recession. Once-thriving garment and shoe industries are suffering from foreign competition, agricultural employment has plunged (soaring costs and shrinking markets soured the sugar industry), and the jobless rate has risen to 13%. Migration to the U.S. mainland, which declined during the boom years, is swelling again. The most obvious sign of Puerto Rico's economic malaise—and one of the prime causes of it—is the island's slumping tourist trade.

In 1968, more than 1,000,000 visitors went to Puerto Rico, spent about \$230 million and created employment for more than 10,000 workers. Since then, if only because of inflation, income from tourism should have jumped. But it has declined steadily to \$223 million last year. So far this year, it is running an estimated 7% below 1970. Prospects are even bleaker for the summer season, normally a busy period for Puerto Rican tourism. The once crowded, palm-fringed beaches near San Juan hotels are now lightly used and cluttered with litter; some are badly polluted. Warning signs along the Condado Lagoon tell swimmers to stay away.

Bellhopping Mad. The casinos are also quiet. To attract customers, El San Juan, El Conquistador and other hotels offer gambling junkies from the mainland, some including free fares or rooms. That practice was formerly frowned on by Puerto Rican government officials fearful of drawing too many professional gamblers and underworld figures.

Several hotels have closed or soon will do so. El Miramar and Le Petit Miramar shut down last summer. In March, the 52-year-old Condado Beach, San



SAN JUAN SHERATON'S EMPTY BEACH AT 2 P.M. ON SUNNY DAY

Juan's oldest luxury hotel, was closed with startling suddenness; guests arriving for breakfast were told by desk clerks to clear out immediately. Carrying their own luggage—the bellhops had been dismissed—the tourists tramped out.

Hilton International plans to stop operating the San Jeronimo Hilton, which will close unless its new owners, a local business group, find other hotel people to run it. The Dorado Hilton is scheduled to shut in June, when Hilton International ends operations there. The Dorado Hilton's owners, International Investment Co., got a promise of a \$500,000 loan from the Puerto Rican government to help refurbish the hotel; they hope to reopen it in December. In addition, the government plans to buy San Juan's exclusive but ailing Racquet Club Hotel for \$4,500,000 and turn part of it into a hotel school. El Convento Hotel is \$4,000,000 in debt and faces a grim future.

Bombing Business. Some hotel owners are finally recognizing that room rates have been excessively high (as much as \$60 per day for a single room, without meals). Governor Luis Ferré's brother José, who last year bought the troubled Darlington Hotel and renamed it the Borinquen, has cut rates by a third and appealed for middle-class and convention customers. Other hotels, including La Concha and Flamboyán, have posted their off-season rates sooner—and dropped them down further—than last year. They are offering double rooms for \$21 to \$26 a day, about \$20 less than the usual high-season rate. Their decision to give the tourists some bargains comes none too soon. "Right now the lobbies look like undertakers' parlors between funerals," says Roberto Bourret, director of the hotel association.

As in many other parts of the Caribbean, tourism in Puerto Rico has been crimped by the U.S. recession and competition from cheap group-rate air fares to Europe. Another factor is the increasing violence in the fight between proponents and opponents of Puerto Rican independence from the U.S. When urban guerrillas bombed seven stores in San Juan one night last month, 1,400 convention-going pharmacists were persuaded to remain only



POLLUTION WARNING AT CONDADO LAGOON

But some prices are coming down.

after police and politicians gave them assurances of protection.

Most of the blame for the tourism decline belongs to the hotelmen, who during the boom days boosted prices exorbitantly and genially ignored visitors' outraged complaints. Hotel employees did little to help, treating tourists indifferently and often with undisguised ill humor. The hotel workers had little to grumble about: their hourly wages and benefits soared an estimated 143% between 1959 and 1970. During the same period, consumer prices rose by 40%.

Puerto Rican businessmen now look to the island's government to pluck them from the economic slough. Officers of the hotel association want a wage-price freeze in the tourist industry. Others in the tourist business demand that more public money be spent on promotion and advertising, even at the expense of public education. Casino owners are pressing the government to allow slot machines and games like baccarat, which are presently banned. The real answer, of course, lies in a return to the pre-boom formula of courteous treatment and reasonable prices.



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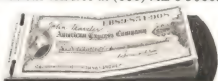
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MATTHAU AS IRATE FATHER OF THE BRIDE . . .



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. . . AND AS ANXIOUS LOTHARIO

CINEMA

Triumph of a One-Man Trio

Director Billy Wilder once ecstatically claimed that Walter Matthau "could play anything from Rhett Butler to Scarlett O'Hara." For more than a decade Matthau was as unpredictable as his facial expressions: an adamant sheriff in *Lonely Are the Brave*; a psychopathic killer in *Charade*; an ambulance chaser in *The Fortune Cookie*; the libidinous suburban husband in *A Guide for the Married Man*. Of late, his roles have yielded an amusing but unvarying character: the rumpless crank whose speech shoudsh ash if it wash making itsh way around a shigar. *Plaza Suite* happily puts him in reverse. In Arthur Hiller's rigid transcription of Neil Simon's Broadway one-acters set in Manhattan's Plaza Hotel, Matthau essays not one part but three. Each is unique, all are achingly comic.

In the curtain raiser, fluttery Karen Nash (Maureen Stapleton) books a suite, trying to rekindle the lust hopes of her 23-year-old marriage. But saturnine Sam Nash proves as remote as room service. The reason, Karen correctly deduces, is Sam's office fixture, a Miss McCormack. It is not only the affair that grieves the wronged wife, it is the businessman's lack of enterprise. "Everyone cheats with their secretaries," she wails. "I expected something better from my husband!" But beneath the holy-acrimony are wounding truths. Successful Sam is no longer struggling; he wants the *arrive's* most inaccessible prize: a destination. His plaint, "I just want to do it all over again," is a caricatured truth on the verge of tragedy. But, as always, Simon pulls back when the laughter stops. His comic mask seems to hide not wisdom but embarrassment.

In the second playlet Matthau is a case of acute satyrism billed as Jesse Kiplinger, Famous Hollywood Producer. When his New York schedule frees him from 2 to 4 p.m., Jesse books overcoy Muriel (Barbara Harris). He had stolen

her maidenhood 17 years earlier in suburbia: now he wants to return to the crime, if not the scene. Acting under an assumed mane, the red-wigged Matthau is a Narcissus whose self-love is contagious. But Muriel is immune until Jesse discovers the secret: big names. Dropping them like rose petals, he strews the path to the bedroom . . . Frank Sinatra . . . Paul Newman . . . Troy Donahue . . . Lee Marvin . . .

The movie's zenith is reached in the closer, A florid father, despite misspelled names on matchbooks and overcharging musicians, is trying to give Daughter Mimsey a first-class wedding. Mimsey gives him a first-class crisis instead: she refuses to come out of the bathroom and go to the altar. As the afternoon degenerates, the bridled father's assaults on the bathroom door leave him and his cutaway looking like Salvation Army rejects. His face a frieze of capillaries, Matthau ultimately makes King Lear seem a whining serf.

All three skits are only mildly illuminating front-line communiqués from the sexual wars. But when Simon is writing them and Matthau reading them, substance seems almost beside the point. This has been a drab year for domestic comedy: in the valley of the bland, the one-joke man is king.

■ Stellan Kanner

Neil Simon notwithstanding, Walter Matthau employed Matthau Method Acting in defining the nuances of the three character portraits he puts on display in *Plaza Suite*: he developed his own miniature biographies for them. In a benign, Lower East Side growl that reaches the ear about midway between W.C. Fields and a gramophone winding down, Matthau says: "That first guy now, he had a Jewish father and an Italian mother, grew up poor and got rich in the garment business. The second guy is half Jewish and half German, grew up in Tenally, N.J. The third guy, he was raised over on Tenth Av-

enue in Hell's Kitchen. Worked on the docks, eventually got a good job in the union and saved a lot of money for his daughter's wedding. He's Irish, German and Swedish."

Matthau will settle for the life he has made for himself. Twenty-five years ago he was a 50¢-a-night extra in Yiddish theater; at age 50, he now commands \$500,000 a picture and 10% of the gross. There is little doubt among those who have worked with him that he is worth the price. Says Jack Lemmon, who has twice co-starred with Matthau and just finished directing him in a new film, *Kotch*: "He's the best actor I've ever worked with." The trade papers have declared him one of the ten top box office stars. "I'm Number 10," Matthau announces with a mixture of ego and irony. "Right under Barbra Streisand. Can you imagine being under Barbra Streisand? Get me a bag, I may throw up."

The Plutonium. He is about as likely a candidate for superstardom as the neighborhood delicatessen man. He walks with a combination of soft shoe and shamble, and his shifting, slouching posture makes him look like a question mark with an identity crisis. The clothes, though subdued and expensive, lose the contest to the walk and the slouch: he seems the part he played—Oscar, the dilapidated sportswriter in *The Odd Couple*. "Every actor looks all his life for a part that will combine his talents with his personality," Matthau says. "The *Odd Couple* was mine. That was the plutonium I needed. It all started happening after that."

It almost stopped not long afterward. Matthau went from Broadway to a role in Billy Wilder's *The Fortune Cookie* and from there into a massive heart attack at the age of 45. He was out of action for almost half a year, but returned to finish the picture. He won an Oscar for it: "They wanted to give me something for all my long years of achievement before I died."

Matthau was a wildly enthusiastic gambler, but he is hedging the action a little since the heart attack. Lemmon

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THE TRAVELERS

remembers that "if you couldn't find Walter on the set you looked in the phone booth. He'd be placing a bet." He still visits the track for some immodest but not extravagant betting (he is part owner of nine race horses), and limits himself to an occasional game of cards. It is a high limit, however: he recently took \$1,300 from Polly Bergen in a single hand of poker. To keep in decent shape, he runs five miles a day on the beach near his home in Pacific Palisades. Under the watchful eye of his wife Carol, he keeps his weight at about 180, munching on fruit and raw vegetables. He no longer smokes; friends say they have seen him walk up to strangers and deliver a lengthy and vehement antismoking lecture. Now he jokes about the heart attack, telling shaggy thrombosis stories which find him experiencing the first stabbing pain, snapping his fingers fatalistically and saying, "Shucks, it's a little coronary."

Attila the Hun. He professes to have more serious concerns. Elaine May, for one. "Have you ever worked for Attila the Hun?" he asks with feigned hurt. "Martin Bormann? Rudolf Hess? A New Leaf was two months late, two million bucks over budget, and when Paramount asked her why, she said 'It's all on account of Matthau. He keeps trying to grab me, and by the time he finally succeeds it's 4 o'clock and too late to do any work.' Now I'll admit I was certainly interested in grabbing Elaine, but making that the reason for the picture going so far over..."

Then there are the critics, a few of whom have experienced something less than rapture over a few recent Matthau performances. He retaliates with indignant but anonymous letters, condemning their shabby prose and shopworn aesthetics. When one critic dismissed him as "a good hear and undershirt comedian," Matthau fired off a reply saying "that's like calling Albert Einstein a good pinocchio player."

Ultimate Luxury. Playwrights are not immune from the Matthau missives. When Neil Simon declined to change a line in *The Odd Couple* about doubleheaders that particularly bothered Matthau, the actor took to his typewriter and sent Simon a letter, signing it with the phony name of a "professor" at the University of Berlin. The letter took pedantic but persuasive exception to the line that had bugged Matthau. Impressed, Simon cut it out.

Matthau also allows himself a hint of self-mockery, the ultimate luxury of the secure man. He even pretends to be worried about work. "I figure I can go for a year and a half without a job, then I hit the unemployment line and it's all over," he says. In fact, he has just rejected one offer at his usual fee because he does not like the script and is haggling over a second assignment. "Let's face it. I really like all this money," he says. "It looks like I've been moving toward it all my life."

The Blue Blazer

The Oakland Athletics seem to have a thing about colorful names. To be sure, Blue Moon Odom is on the injury list, but that still leaves a trio of starting pitchers named Rollie Fingers, Catfish Hunter and Siggy Segui. Although their combined record is a mediocre ten wins and eight losses and the team's batting average is an anemic .244, the A's are rolling along with a five-and-a-half-game lead in the West Division of the American League. How come? The main reason is a 21-year-old lefthanded fireballer with a moniker made for the Oakland roster. The name—mark it well—is Vida Blue.

Last week Vida (as in Ida) Blue (as in streak) set down the world cham-



OAKLAND'S VIDA BLUE
No finesse, but busted bats.

pion Baltimore Orioles with four hits to register his eighth straight victory, against one defeat. He now leads the American League in earned-run average (1.01), strikeouts (78), shutouts (4) and complete games (8). His approach is devastatingly simple: "I blow them down"—meaning he pitches fastballs 80% of the time. "I don't try to finesse a batter," he says. "I just try to hit the corners or jam a guy and break his bat. I enjoy breaking a guy's bat." He enjoys it so much that he runs to the mound every inning. Once there, he talks to himself constantly, rehearsing each batter's weaknesses. "When I'm going good," he says matter-of-factly, "I don't believe there is a batter who can hit me." The Orioles' Frank Robinson tends to agree: "You know what Blue's going to throw and you still can't catch up to it."

Blue is not the sole reason for Oakland's success. Dick Williams, their new no-nonsense manager—the team's eleventh in the past eleven years—has taught the erratic, phlegmatic A's to think pos-

itive. Confidence has never been a problem for "my little Sandy Koufax," as Williams likes to call Blue—with one qualifier. "Koufax didn't become a pitcher for six years," says Williams. "Vida's there already."

Too Rough. Baseball scouts knew where Vida was, when, as a schoolboy in Mansfield, La., he struck out 21 batters in a seven-inning game. Football scouts were already trailing him, especially after he threw 35 touchdown passes in his senior year at DeSoto High. Turning down football scholarship offers from 25 colleges, he signed with the A's for a \$50,000 bonus. After leading the American Association in strikeouts, he was brought up to Oakland late last season. In his first game, Blue, one of the few switch-hitting pitchers in baseball, clouted a three-run homer to help the A's to a 7-4 win. In his second outing he hurled a one-hitter. Then in his fourth start, he stunned the slugging Minnesota Twins with a no-hitter. Asked how many victories he thinks Blue will have this season, Williams answers: "How many starts will he have?"

Actually, if Vida were to continue at his present torrid pace, he would amass more than 40 wins. But not even Vida is that confident. Every time he pitches he superstitiously puts two dimes into his pocket to "represent the hope of 20 wins." By that standard, he still seems a little cheap. At the very least, Vida Blue promises to be a two-bit pitcher.

Jeremiah of Jock Liberation

"It did not take a genius," says Jack Scott, director of the Institute for the Study of Sport and Society, "to see a couple of years ago that the counter-culture was going to have an impact on the nation's athletics, one of the most conservative, narrow and encrusted segments of our society." It did take a kind of Jock Jeremiah, though, to spread the word and to preach the gospel of locker-room dissent. That Scott has done. After teaching a course called "Intercollegiate Athletics and Education: A Socio-Psychological Evaluation" at the University of California at Berkeley last year, he founded his nonprofit institute to hold seminars, publish a newsletter and "help interpret what's going on in sport and make it what it can and should be." His new book, called *The Athletic Revolution* (Free Press; \$3.45), is long on rhetoric and short on solutions, but its compilation of articles, speeches and case histories is nonetheless the most penetrating of the spate of recent books that question not only

"Including Out of Their League by former St. Louis Linebacker Dave Meggessy, Swimmer Don Schollander's *Deep Water*, and *The Way It Is*, by Curt Flood, the rebellious outfielder who last month abandoned his comeback try with the Washington Senators.

the structure but the philosophy of sports.

Scott, 29, a 9.6 man in the 100-yd. dash before an arthritic ankle cut short his track career at Stanford, contends that the "quasi-militaristic manner" in which "racist, insensitive" coaches coerce their "captive athletes" robs sport of its "best justification—that it is fun to do." The problem, he says, is that "sport in America is more spectator- than participant-oriented." Though he allows that competition is necessary to develop talent, he emphasizes that "the process of sport is more important than the product. The beauty is in the classic struggle of man against man, man against nature and man against himself. The index of how well you do is how well you struggle. If you don't struggle well, you should feel badly. But you shouldn't feel badly

PHOTOGRAPH BY GUY A. LOPEZ



SCOTT & WIFE JOGGING
Searching for an ideal society.

just because you lose. The final score should be almost incidental."

Violence and Sadism. Scott's thesis would be scorned by such hard-nosed coaches as Leo Durocher ("Nice guys finish last") or the late Vince Lombardi ("Winning isn't everything; it's the only thing"). Though Scott is primarily interested in reforming college athletics, the ramification of his ideas nevertheless carries through all sports, from the professional game right down to the Little League. When Dave Meggys quit his \$35,000 job as linebacker for the St. Louis Cardinals last season, he holed up in Scott's apartment for four months to write *Out of Their League*. The book is an angry, sometimes self-righteous attack on the "incredible racism," "dehumanizing conditions" and "violence and sadism" of pro football. Sparing no one, Meggys rails against coaches, trainers, who "do more dealing in drugs than the average junkie," and players, one of whom (Jim Ringo, former All-

League center for Lombardi's Green Bay Packers) supposedly told Meggys in all seriousness that "in football the Commies are on one side of the ball and we're on the other."

The sport establishment—coaches, athletic directors, team owners, league officials—usually tries to dismiss its critics as a few isolated malcontents; but the charge simply doesn't wash. In *The Athletic Revolution*, Scott notes that since 1967 the athletics programs at more than 100 schools "have been rocked by some form of disturbance." Most have involved athletes protesting what they consider racism and unfair disciplinary rules. The extent of what Scott calls "the turmoil in sport" does not stop with amateurs. Just last month, no less a pro star than George Sauer, the brilliant wide receiver for the New York Jets, announced that he was quitting football because it "works to mold you into someone easy to manipulate." With Scott coaching from the sidelines, Sauer said he loved the game but not the "system" that tries "to keep players in a prolonged state of adolescence."

Given to Excess. It could be argued, of course, that instead of dropping out, a reform-minded athlete would be more effective working from within, through the increasingly militant players' associations. Though Sauer made his announcement through the Institute for the Study of Sport and Society, Scott says that he did not urge Sauer to quit but simply "helped him make the transition from jock back to human being." Scott's critics scoff at his institute as a kind of halfway house for troubled athletes (in fact, it is a family operation which Scott and his wife Micki run out of an office above his apartment in Oakland, Calif.). They regard his work as inconsequential if not unfair—and indeed Scott is sometimes given to excess. In an earlier book called *Athletics for Athletes*, he delivered the sweeping and undocumented charge that too many coaches "have problems with latent homosexuality."

Nonetheless, the movement that Scott represents cannot be easily dismissed. The aspects of sport he explores in his book—racism, "shamateurism," drug abuse, dictatorial coaches, overemphasis on winning, the role of athletics in education—are problems that organized sports, like it or not, must grapple with in the 1970s.

It will be a long, hard struggle. Marshaled against jock liberation is what Scott calls the "paternalistic authoritarianism" of the sport establishment. "The dominant philosophy in American athletics," as Scott calls it, is summed up in a speech by Max Rafferty, the former California State Superintendent of Public Instruction. At a conference of athletic directors, Rafferty, a onetime high school football coach, allowed that "there are two great national institutions which simply cannot tolerate either internal dissension or external interference; our armed forces and our inter-

scholastic sports program. Both are of necessity benevolent dictatorships." Describing athletes as "decent, reasonably patriotic Americans" who are "under increasing attack from the kooks, crumbums and Commies," he avowed his love of sports as symbolizing "the clean, bright, fighting spirit which is America itself." Rafferty, reports Scott, was given a standing ovation.

Joyous Activity. Organized sport will undoubtedly continue to move away from Rafferty's ideal of a benevolent dictatorship; but it will surely fall somewhere short of Scott's grandiose vision of "a humane, just society in which sport will flourish as a meaningful, joyous activity." In the era of Joe Namath, the old image of the sports hero as a crew-cut, Wheaties-eating, All-American boy is fast fading, as are

BOB WEINER

JAMES ORR



MEGGYS

LOMBARDI

The Commies v. the other side.

many of the petty restrictions on an athlete's life-style. What will linger is the traditional ethic that winning is synonymous with success. At colleges where alumni contributions have a way of varying in direct relationship to the success of the football team, coaches who value their jobs will still strive to win at almost any cost. Among the pros, where players are supposedly beyond the age of character building, sport will remain spectator-oriented for as long as admission is charged.

If winning is to be an end in itself, Scott would like to change the means to that end. "Lombardi and the other over-authoritarian coaches have proved that heavy discipline can produce winners," he says. "But it is also possible to learn and develop in a more free and creative atmosphere. You can be a human being without sacrificing quality." Such is the struggle that sports will play out in the 1970s. The opening whistle in fact has just sounded.

BOOKS

The Horse Lost the Way

CUBA, THE PURSUIT OF FREEDOM by Hugh Thomas. 1,696 pages. Harper & Row. \$20.

Villains somehow look blacker and heroines fairer under that Caribbean sun. In 1897, on the eve of the U.S. intervention to free Cuba from Spain, the fairest of all heroines to North Americans was a rebel named Evangelina Cisneros—"this tenderly nurtured girl," the *New York Journal* mourned, "imprisoned at eighteen among the most depraved Negresses of Havana." In the flesh, Evangelina was a bloodthirsty lass who tried to kidnap a Spanish officer, but no matter. The *Journal* had her smuggled out of prison disguised as a sailor and exhibited her triumphantly at an open-air reception in Madison Square. A half-century later came Fidel ("I am not a Communist") Castro, briefly a hero of U.S. journalism during the black-and-white-television era. He was, he said, fighting for a Cuba where "everyone could assemble, associate, speak and write with complete freedom." Now in his 13th year of power, "the Horse" (as Cubans call Castro) has already found it necessary, by his own admission, to shoot 3,500 of his countrymen and imprison 20,000 more.

With that dismaying image, Hugh Thomas' "pursuit of freedom" through 200 years of Cuban history has come full circle. Thomas is a historian of catholic curiosity who can construct engrossing narrative even from the balance sheets of 19th century sugar mills. To prepare his 1,696 pages of history, politics and anecdote, he has visited Cuba repeatedly. He seems to have talked to everybody not dead or in jail, and read everything, even all of Fidel Castro's speeches. As in his 1961 study of the Spanish Civil War, he seems scrupulously fair. The book furnishes the

raw material for any number of interpretations at variance with his own.

As is often the case in Latin America, the reasons for Cuba's melancholy failure at democracy go back a long way. In the first half of his book Thomas deals with everything from 1762, when the British captured Havana, to Castro's 1959 takeover. He cites the peculiar vulnerability of a rich single crop (sugar), which made the island a major prize for colonial exploitation and left it with an economy still cruelly dependent on the whims of foreign buyers. Partly as a result, Cuba never developed a coherent, stratified society. In colonial times, unscrupulous slave traders could, and did, buy titles from the Spanish for \$25,000, and no true and stabilizing aristocracy ever evolved. After a sugar crisis in the 1880s such aristocrats as there were fell under the influence of large corporations, many of them American. When at the turn of the century Cuba, with U.S. help, joyfully threw off Spanish rule and entered history as a nation, it was not ready for parliamentary democracy.

Students to the Sharks. Its helpful Yankee neighbor, moreover, as Thomas points out, proceeded with an unsettling mixture of high-minded amity and sheer avarice. Indeed, as Thomas presents it, the central failure of the U.S. in the turbulent and bloody story of the island was that it could neither take Cuba quite seriously enough nor leave it quite alone. After helping toss out the Spanish in 1898, it asserted the right to intervene in island affairs—through the notorious Platt Amendment, which was incorporated into the original Cuban constitution. Thomas argues that in fact the U.S. would have done better simply to take over the island British-style and prepare it for self-government.

The suggestion will no doubt stir rage in both Washington and Havana. But it is a sad and telling commentary that Cuba has rarely been so honestly run as during the brief U.S. occupation (1899 to 1902) under General Leonard Wood, who helped eradicate yellow fever and set up an ambitious, though thoroughly inappropriate public school system modeled on Ohio's. Thereafter, a succession of charming thieves and defective democrats occupied the presidential palace. The most candid was Alfredo Zayas (1921-25). Upon passage of a multimillion-dollar harbor bill, he announced that he had "300,000 good reasons for signing it." Cuba's two ablest home-grown rulers were the tyrants who followed Zayas. When Dictator Gerardo Machado (1925-33) snuffed out constitutional democracy, he had student and labor leaders thrown to the sharks off Morro Castle. After ex-Army Sergeant Fulgencio Batista took over in 1934, he remained, both in and out of office, the dominant figure in Cuban political life until the advent of Fidel Castro.

During Batista's reign, deadly groups



FIDEL CASTRO
Socialismo chachachá.

of political gangsters flourished under the control of local bosses. Curiously enough, Fidel Castro ran with the roughest of these gangs while he was a law student at the University of Havana in the 1940s. As a result of this underworld experience, Thomas writes, "the future leader of the Cuban socialist revolution learned much about the nature of Cuban political institutions, their susceptibility to violence and their corruption."

Because of Castro's gangster connections, the middle-class democrats of Havana (lawyers, doctors and merchants) consistently underrated him, believing that nobody would flock to such a banner. When their own children did just that, they at least half believed Castro's protestations in his mountain redoubt that he was just another liberal like themselves. Castro cleverly avoided tests of arms with Batista, correctly perceiving, as Thomas puts it, that he was conducting not primarily guerrilla warfare but rather "a political campaign in a tyranny, with the campaigner being defended by armed men."

Socialist Shoe Heels. By 1959, the Cuban worker had attained a standard of living equal to that of the U.S. worker in 1941-42. But Cuba's position as a U.S. partner, however profitable, was becoming emotionally intolerable not only to Castro but to masses of Cubans. "To choose to be free meant for many Cubans," says Thomas, "and above all for Castro, to act in a way most calculated to anger the U.S." Thomas agrees with those observers who say that it was no fondness for Communism but a galloping hatred of American power that led Castro toward Communism and tyranny.

Typically, Castro has tried to outdo all other socialist leaders by abolishing material incentives and leaping straight into "pure Communism," a policy that resulted in various economic disasters. Long before Che Guevara departed to fight in the Congo and Bolivia, he was complaining that socialist shoe heels fell

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off in one day and that socialist Coca-Cola tasted terrible. There are notable consumer shortages as well—the meat ration is just three-quarters of a pound per week. Yet the economy has never been adequately organized, and some workers average as little as four hours a day on the job. Through it all, however, a charming and invincibly Cuban gaiety survives—“*Viva el socialismo chachachá*,” as a revolutionary slogan goes.

The great value of Thomas' heavy volume is that it puts an appalling story together in one place for the first time—and in unemotional perspective. Though Thomas deplores the despotism into which Cuba has sunk, he points out that Castro himself is still widely popular, and he recognizes that some sort of break with the U.S. was necessary if Cuba was ever to escape her role as a U.S. appendage. Castro's worst problem is finding himself as dependent on the Russians as he ever was on the U.S. Russian officials brag that they can bring him to heel any time by shutting off the oil taps at Baku. Back during the missile crisis in 1962, when Castro learned that the Russians had sold him out, he swore, kicked the wall and broke a mirror. “Small powers can often begin a world crisis,” says Thomas. “Great powers always end them.”

■ Richard Armstrong

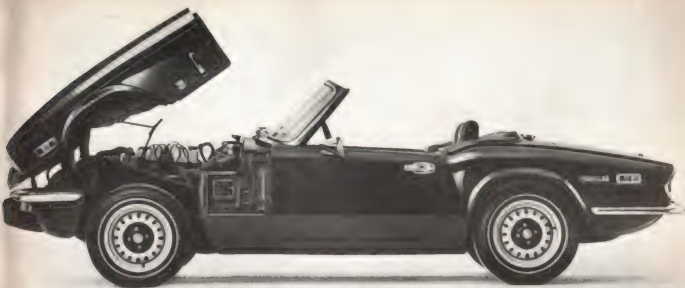
Rufflers and Ripping Coves

THIEF-TAKER GENERAL, THE RISE AND FALL OF JONATHAN WILD by Gerald Howson. 338 pages. St. Martin's Press. \$8.95.

By 1712 it had become “burthensome to the nation” to house bankrupts in London's two debtors' prisons, despite the exaction of stiff entrance fees and rents for all cells better than the most wretched. Accordingly, Parliament voted to turn the debtors loose. One of them was Jonathan Wild, an energetic, 29-year-old bucklemaker and bailiff's nark whose sole distinction before his imprisonment was that he had accumulated debts of 61 £ 6/.

There was a much better fiscal balance to Wild's career over the next 13 years, and only a moralist could say whether he was more burdensome to the nation in jail or out. Wild perfected England's first coherent system for detecting and arresting criminals. Yet his success at organizing crime detection was due to the fact that he took great care to organize the crime in the first place. He not only became the “Thief-Taker General of Great Britain and Ireland,” as he took to calling himself; he was also the realm's principal thief.

Trade in Children. The thief-taking racket had limitless possibilities; the constabulary of the time was weak, criminals were many, and Parliament had authorized payment of 40 £ for evidence in a capital case. This system of rewards was intended to break up Lon-



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don's big gangs by making betrayal profitable. The trouble was that although there were some 350 capital offenses on the books, it was not always easy or politic to lay hands on those who had actually committed them. This led naturally to frame-ups, and also to a brisk trade in children and other innocents who were induced to commit crimes so that they might be betrayed.

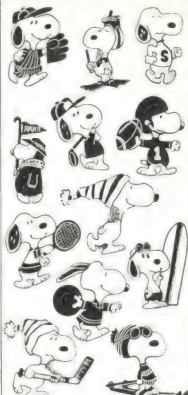
Wild was not the first thief-taker to turn a profit in this trade: he was merely the most gifted. A proof of his talent was one of his creations known as the "Lost Property Office." Wild would approach a citizen from whom money or documents had been stolen (generally in a theft organized by Wild), and represent himself as a man whose crime-fighting had given him some knowledge of the underworld. Perhaps he could be of help. In a day or two—some-



JONATHAN WILD
Hanged by a wedding guest.

times only a few hours—he would return with the suggestion that the citizen appear at a street-corner rendezvous, prepared to pay a reward. No, Wild wanted nothing; to be of service was satisfaction enough. From the thieves he took the greater part of their profit. Those not sufficiently grateful he betrayed to the courts.

Beggar's Opera. Achievement such as Wild's does not go unnoticed, and one day in front of Old Bailey a betrayed colleague named Blueskin Blake tried to cut the Thief-Taker General's head off with a dull knife. He failed. In 1725, though, Wild was sentenced to be hanged by a corrupt judge (appropriately, on false evidence that he had received a bit of stolen lace). Wild died wealthy, though. During his career the reward for giving evidence rose from £40 to £140, or from \$2,000 to \$7,000 in modern money, as Author Gerald Howson reckons it. The figures seem inflated; he reports, for instance, that the highest-priced whores of the time cost



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£50 a night, by his scale an absurd \$2,500 in 1971 dollars.

Defoe wrote about Wild, and so did Fielding (*The Life of Mr. Jonathan Wild the Great*). John Gay used him as the model for Peachum ("Impeach 'em") in his *Beggar's Opera*. The story can stand any amount of retelling, and Howson's is full of wonderful oddments: at Old Bailey in Wild's time, trials were conducted in the open air regardless of weather; the original Jenny Diver sat in church with false, gloved hands folded primly across her stomach, while her real ones picked adjacent purses. There are also some linguistic notes: "Rattling Lay" was stealing from coaches; "Rufflers" were strong-arm men; "Ripping Coves" broke into houses by ripping up roofs, and "palliards, tatterdemalions and clapperdagoes" were wanderers. At his trial Wild claimed that an unsuccessful mercury cure for syphilis had caused his mouth to water so copiously that he could not address the court without spitting. The judge refused a postponement. The hangman who hanged Wild had been a guest at his wedding.

• John Skow

Merrily, Merrily

DRIFTING by Stephen Jones, with illustrations by Richard Brown. 442 pages. Macmillan. \$12.50.

"To most people," says Stephen Jones of Shennuck, R.I., "things do not flow, especially small bodies of water in their vicinity." The former Coast Guardsman, lobsterman and author of the bizarre novel *Turpin* believes that most people view such water as a static extension of their own property, "a background against which lawn furniture may repose." In *Drifting*, an antique-flavored narrative of his small-craft outings in Louisiana, New Jersey, Delaware, Connecticut and Rhode Island, Jones asserts his ancient riparian rights to re-establish spiritual and public relations with the basic element that flows and quenches.

Sprayed and Spayed. Shoving off in a 10-ft. Styrofoam hull, sometimes with friends, sometimes with his wife, the mysterious "L." Jones bobs along the polluted waters that separate his fellow citizens one from the other and each from himself. The urban river, says Jones, "is the memory bank of all past bodily errors, assaulting the most carefully bathed, sprayed, spayed and pressed." To Jones' eye, despoliation, like nearly everything else in *Drifting*, can be delightfully ambiguous. The Lincoln Tunnel reminds him of an extended lavatory wall; there is fascination in the waverings of tin cans, tires and old shoes under a few inches of water.

Yet drifting can be dangerous. In a narrow South Jersey channel, flanked by buildings and shadowed by vehicular traffic, the Joneses are nearly run down by the *Kuddle-Toi, Too*, an expanse of costly cabin cruiser operated by a corpora-



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lent man who apparently makes little distinction between yachting and barreling a large sedan. "We're gonna crush your crappy little boat!" cries the man's wife, as Mrs. Jones skillfully mars the word *Kuddle* with her paddle. In Delaware, Jones accidentally splits his wife's scalp with an anchor, and later nearly comes to grief against a drawbridge as a guest on a Chinese junk manned by incompetents and flying a masturbating pet monkey from its masthead.

Wharfing Yarns. Mostly, however, drifting gives Jones the chance to chart the indirections of his own ironic, eccentrically ballasted mind. It is the kind of mind that can easily mingle references to Henry James, Robbe-Grillet and Li-yü with equations on dam overflow, yarns about wharf characters and slices of local history. It is the kind of mind that can see *The Story of O* and Thomas Merton's *Seven Storey Mountain* as two monastic classics and, like Mark Twain in *Huckleberry Finn*, revel in naming objects for their own sake. Jones' notes at the ends of his chapters are models of tart New England wit, and his conversations with his friends have the unworldly, though undeniably human quality of *Alice in Wonderland* or Edward Lear's poem about the Jumbies—who, incidentally, did their drifting in a sieve.

As distinct from those wanderers who, to mock the present, dress like Depression Okies, trading-post Tontos or deserters from the Bolivian army, Jones seems very much at ease with himself. Where a certified counterculture writer like Richard Brautigan beats a well-attended retreat into an America of little more than his own enchanting imagination, Jones and his friends privately brave real effluvia. It would be a grand experience to be up a creek with them—with or without a paddle.

■ R.Z. Sheppard

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. *The Passions of the Mind*, Stone (3 last week)
2. *QB VII*, Uris (1)
3. *The New Centurions*, Wambaugh (2)
4. *The Underground Man*, MacDonald (4)
5. *The Throne of Saturn*, Drury (5)
6. *The Bell Jar*, Plath (6)
7. *The Antagonists*, Gann (8)
8. *Summer of '42*, Raucher (9)
9. *Rich Man, Poor Man*, Shaw (7)
10. *Being There*, Kosinski

NONFICTION

1. *The Sensuous Man*, "M" (2)
2. *Bury My Heart at Wounded Knee*, Brown (1)
3. *The Greening of America*, Reich (3)
4. *Boss: Richard J. Daley of Chicago*, Royko (6)
5. *Stillwell and the American Experience in China, 1911-45*, Tuchman (4)
6. *Future Shock*, Toffler (5)
7. *The European Discovery of America: The Northern Voyages*, Morison (8)
8. *The Grandees*, Birmingham (7)
9. *The Female Eunuch*, Greer (10)
10. *Civilisation*, Clark (9)

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BEHIND EVERY PUSSYCAT, THERE'S A GREAT BOURBON.



Only Early Times makes the Pussycat perfect. Because Early Times is just about a whisker smoother than any other Bourbon you'll ever taste. O.K., so what's a Pussycat? It's the national prize-winning drink that's made when you shake a packet of "Instant Pussycat Mix," water and Early Times. This orange-sweet sour mixes up as quick as a cat. But remember; it only happens with Early Times. Without it the Pussycat just doesn't purr.

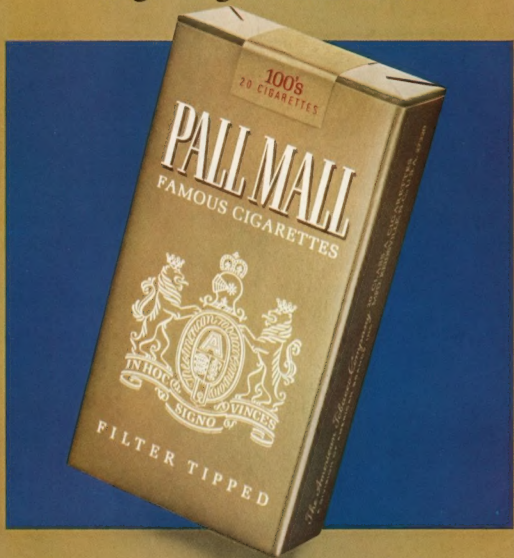
Ask for Instant Pussycat Mix at your favorite food or liquor store.



To get a set of 4—10½ oz. Pussycat glasses & 4 packets of Instant Pussycat Mix*, send \$2.95 to: Early Times Pussycat Glasses, P.O. Box 378, Maple Plain, Minnesota 55359

*offer valid only where legal—limited time only.

You get both
longer length - milder taste.



Longer...yet milder
PALL MALL GOLD 100's

20 mg. "tar", 1.4 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette, FTC Report NOV. '70